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THE COMING SESSION.

IF the English Parliament were merely a legislative machine, there would be little cause for even the moderate interest which attaches to the approaching Session. It is probable that some experiment in law reform may be tried, and possible that it may be successful; but more exciting innovations would be equally distasteful to the Government, to Parliament itself, and to the country. Maine Liquor-laws, Church-rates, and the Ballot will undergo their annual discussion, and perhaps a recent controversy may induce Mr. LOCKE KING once more to propose the abolition of primogeniture in cases of intestacy. Mr. DILWYN or Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE will recommence the assault on the Irish Establishment; but in all these cases agitation is only directed to the achievement of a remote success. The right of action is kept alive, as by a continuance of writs, in the hope at some future time of going to trial with a chance of recovering judgment. The advocates of change in the present day are, as Mr. DISRAELI once said of the Jews, a patient people, and they can wait. In some instances, they are, with laudable self-denial, willing to serve their country in office during the tedious interval which must elapse before their patriotic aspirations are gratified. Parliamentary Reform would open the way to many measures which are supported by advanced Liberal members, and perhaps for that reason no modification of the franchise is likely to be seriously considered by the present Parliament. Mr. MILNER GIBSON can have little difficulty, after four years of painful restraint, in suppressing for one more Session the ardent zeal which, during its momentary escape, delighted his constituents at Ashton. If, indeed, a new election were certain in the course of the present year, it is possible that there might be a faint revival of the universal enthusiasm for Reform which resounded on every hustings in 1857 and 1859; but the Parliament, although it is entering upon its sixth Session, has still two years of legal existence left, and in conformity with constitutional custom it may expect to sit till the summer of next year. Professions of reforming zeal, however agreeable to constituencies, might tend to precipitate a dissolution; and the certainty that the present Ministry cannot survive for many years furnishes a sufficient reason for adjourning a question which is almost equally disagreeable to all political parties. It is not to be supposed that the actual form of the Constitution is destined to last for ever, but political students are beginning to discover that the relations of a Parliament to the Crown and to the nation are the most certain tests of the soundness of its composition. Universal suffrage in France, and an ingeniously graduated suffrage in Prussia, produce Assemblies which, in spite of the theoretical perfection of the franchise, control neither the policy of the Government nor the appointment of Ministers. A democratic Assembly in England might be bold in legislation, without exercising that supreme power over public affairs which is the primary duty of Parliament.

As long as there is a possibility that decisions may be required on important questions arising at home or abroad, it is impossible to say that the Session will be uneventful. Finance and foreign politics have for some years been found more urgent than legislative changes, and the duration of the present Ministry has been mainly secured by the reliance of the country on Lord PALMERSTON's external policy, and by the less implicit confidence which is reposed in Mr. GLADSTONE. During the last two Sessions, the leaders of Opposition have almost discontinued their attacks on the conduct of foreign affairs, but the changes and agitations in Europe and America will furnish them with a welcome opportunity of resuming Parliamentary hostilities. In the animated debates which may be expected, the Government will profit by the absence of the FOREIGN SECRETARY from the House of Commons. If, indeed, Lord RUSSELL had compromised the interests or even thwarted the deliberate inclinations of the country, his col-

leagues might be effectually assailed in his absence; but Lord RUSSELL's vulnerable point is to be found in the language of his despatches, and in the House of Lords he is more than able to defend himself against Lord MALMESBURY, while Lord DERBY's habitual indiscretion in expressing unpopular opinions will render his sarcasms comparatively harmless. The Opposition in the House of Commons will find little satisfaction in holding either Lord PALMERSTON or Mr. LAYARD answerable for Lord RUSSELL's eccentricities of language. The late Mr. AUGUSTUS STAFFORD once wrote an answer to a Rockite notice which embodies the whole doctrine of vicarious responsibility. "If my tenants," he said, "think to intimidate me by threatening to murder my agent, they will find themselves greatly 'mistaken.'" The PRIME MINISTER will be, in the same manner, proof to all the invective and ridicule which may be directed against the FOREIGN SECRETARY. In words, Lord PALMERSTON will boldly defend every discourteous and irritable expression, while in substance he may offer an effective apology for every considerable measure of foreign policy. As to America, there is no practical difference of opinion, for even Mr. MILNER GIBSON by no means desires to assist in establishing the Federal millennium which occupies his waking dreams, as Parliamentary Reform stimulates his anxieties and his hopes. The possible need of legislation for the regulation of neutral and belligerent rights will in no case arise in the early part of the Session, and it only indirectly affects the actual course of foreign affairs.

A general and vague dissatisfaction has been caused by the abortive interference of England on behalf of the Poles, and by the almost unintelligible wanderings of the Government in the Schleswig labyrinth. It is possible that there may be a real inconsistency in the half-conscious transition from the traditional mode of regulating Europe to a system which has yet to be ascertained and established. For a generation or two before the French Revolution, and again from 1815 to 1859, the five Great Powers exercised a supreme control over national disputes, although they sometimes found it expedient, as in the separation of Belgium from Holland, to recognise the results of isolated wars and revolutions. The right and the purpose of enforcing the decisions of the great European tribunal were rather understood than expressed; but England more especially had, for a century before, been always ready to go to war to maintain the balance of power. In the present day, the country is less willing to engage in costly quarrels for alien objects, but it has not yet reconciled itself to a system of abstention from interference in Continental troubles. Effective diplomacy must have force for its background, and language which might not be too strong to insinuate a covert menace may be little better than an officious and empty boast where it only conveys prudent advice. Lord RUSSELL, with many qualities which become the Foreign Minister of England, has no pretension to the delicate tact and acute perception which would modify diplomatic style in strict conformity to a change in its substance. In the Polish negotiation, his best apology is that he expressed the wishes of his countrymen, both when he remonstrated against Russian cruelties and in his final discontinuance of the controversy. It is true that a statesman ought to foresee and correct the caprices or errors of public opinion, but the Opposition will not persuade Parliament to forget the applause which the House of Lords bestowed on Lord ELLENBOROUGH's eloquent appeal, or the attention which was accorded to Mr. HENNESSY. As Lord MALMESBURY or Mr. DISRAELI would not have done more than Lord RUSSELL for the Poles, the country will care but little whether he might have said somewhat less.

The refusal of the Government to join the proposed Congress in Paris will certainly not meet with Parliamentary censure, although, in this instance also, the hardness of Lord RUSSELL's fist was more perceptible than the smoothness of his glove. The project of international legislation, which seemed

chimerical when it was propounded, has been made almost ridiculous by subsequent proofs of the readiness of nations to substitute force for discussion and compact. The French Government itself has, since the failure of the Congress, continued its intrigues at Bucharest, and it has attempted to promote division in Germany by the bold assertion that a treaty signed by all the Great Powers twelve years ago has been overruled or invalidated by circumstances. An English Minister seldom incurs unpopularity by rejecting the dictation of France, and Mr. DISRAELI may perhaps remember his own extravagant indiscretion in accusing Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL of a want of habitual subservience to the Emperor NAPOLEON. More plausible objections may be raised to the conduct of the negotiations with Denmark and Germany, but the Government may urge in its defence that the difficulties were intrinsically insurmountable, and that it would have been inexcusable to involve England in a war against a natural and powerful ally. Lord RUSSELL has blundered chiefly in the superfluous candour of his remonstrances with all parties in turn. It was unnecessary to say exactly what he thought, even though he may seldom have been mistaken in his opinion of the moment. He has relied too much on argument, and he has taken forces and passions too little into consideration; but it will not be easy to show that he has taken the wrong side in the general controversy. His adversaries will admit, even while they censure his judgment, that he has desired to promote justice and peace. As the dispute is now at its height, it is impossible to say how far the intervention or control of Parliament may be rendered necessary by the course of events. Thus far, there is room for individual criticism, but not for collective censure.

It will be highly convenient if the Court of Exchequer Chamber relieves Parliament from the necessity of dealing with the Foreign Enlistment Act. The House of Commons is both properly jealous of any suspicion of foreign influence, and rightly scrupulous in altering permanent legislation to meet occasional difficulties. The precedent of the Conspiracy Bill will not encourage Lord PALMERSTON to endanger another Ministry by a supposed deference to the wishes of any alien Government; yet, if it is found that no existing law is applicable to vessels such as the *Alexandra* and *Alabama*, it may become the duty of Parliament seriously to consider the risk of war when England is neutral, and the damage which an insignificant enemy might inflict in time of war on the greatest maritime Power. The only object of any admissible legislation would be to strengthen the public authority against the irregularities of private speculators. There can be no doubt that a wise despot, otherwise situated like the English Government, would exercise a stringent control over ventures which might compromise the independence of his own policy; and although the Parliamentary system is not exactly on its trial, the friends of liberty ought to be ready to prove that a constitutional system is not deficient in vigour. The question, if it arises, is likely to be the most embarrassing of the Session, and it ought to be relieved from all incidental prejudices which concern the American war rather than English legislation.

Unless the peace of the country is threatened by foreign complications, Mr. GLADSTONE may look forward to a new occasion for appearing in the character of a public benefactor. A philosophical clerk in a recent fiction reflects on his own illogical gratitude in thanking his master for paying his quarter's salary. The money fairly belonged to the recipient, but nevertheless, as he justly observes, it is impossible to help thanking a man who pays you money. The taxpayers, though they are the rightful claimants of any surplus which may accrue, will make no difficulty in thanking Mr. GLADSTONE for any remission which he can afford. It is true that he has sometimes expressed the opinion that the most burdensome taxation is the best, because the overweighted camel may be provoked into throwing off his load; but great orators are not bound to be uniformly consistent, and Mr. GLADSTONE is an able financier, as well as an ingenious constructor of paradoxes. He has already promised to cheapen sugar as he last year reduced the duty on tea, and there can be no doubt that the state and prospects of the revenue will enable him to redeem his pledge. Of the smaller taxes which are candidates for the next turn of distribution, the posthorse duty, though it has not been prominently brought to the attention of the Government, would perhaps be the most deserving. There is no reason why a gig or a market-cart should be converted into a luxury by a tax which at the same time creates an invidious monopoly. Of more important claimants for relief, the Malt-tax is first in the field, but the excess of the burden which is borne by the farmers beyond their proportion as consumers weakens

to a certain extent the force of their demands. It is perhaps anomalous that so heavy a tax should be levied on a wholesome and indispensable commodity, but the duty is too productive to be repealed, and a partial reduction would be in a great measure appropriated by the brewers, while the vexatious interference of excisemen would not be removed. If it is true that malt might advantageously be used as food for cattle, it is unfortunate that the price should be artificially raised, but, as long as the tax is retained, no diminution of the amount would tend materially to diminish the existing grievance. If, after completing the other arrangements of his Budget, Mr. GLADSTONE can spare a million, the diminution of the Income-tax by a penny would afford sensible relief. A poundage of sixpence would produce nearly or quite seven millions, and, in addition to the fractional reduction, there would be a certain satisfaction in the comparative ease of the corresponding calculations. In some golden age of the future, the rate may even fall to fourpence with great advantage to the pocket of the taxpayer, and perhaps to his morality. It is as wrong to make a false return of sixteen pence in the pound as of fourpence, but a temptation multiplied by four becomes practically far less resistible. The available surplus cannot, of course, be even approximately ascertained until the Estimates are prepared and published. As far, however, as conjecture is possible in the absence of official information, it would seem that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will have no occasion to incur unpopularity. The House of Commons has learned, by the experience of several years, to strip off the irritating appendages which please Mr. GLADSTONE's tastes, apparently for the same reasons which sometimes induce cooks to annoy carvers with superfluous decorations of skewers and paper frills and sculptured turnips.

The determination of the expenditure which regulates the application of the revenue belongs to the Cabinet, or to its principal members, rather than to the Minister of Finance. As long as Lord PALMERSTON presides over the Government there is no reason to fear a repetition of the error which has so often been committed in the excessive reduction of armaments. The country has, for the first time in the present generation, enjoyed an interval of five or six years without a panic; and Parliament would not be supported by general opinion in a recurrence to unseasonable parsimony. It will also be understood that, notwithstanding the attachment of all parties in England to peace, there can be no absolute freedom from risk while one hemisphere is at war, and the other is in the midst of quarrels and military preparations. It is not desirable to disarm, but the process of manufacturing armour ought now to be far advanced towards completion. The navy has been lately rebuilt two or three times over, and even the wealthiest and most liberal community cannot afford interminable reconstruction. It is also not unreasonable to expect that iron ships will in some degree repay their cost by their durability. Both in the navy and in the ordnance department, the outlay of capital and the cost of repairs ought soon to exhibit a reduction.

The fate of the Government may depend on the prudence of its measures, but it is not impossible that the principal business of the Session may consist in a contest for office. The Opposition might, if a division could be taken on the simple issue of a choice between Lord PALMERSTON and Lord DERBY, still be defeated by a narrow majority; but its numerical strength has been considerably increased, its chances have been improved by the removal of the Italian question into the background, and after two years of inaction Mr. DISRAELI probably longs for the excitement of a struggle, into which, indeed, he may be forced by his supporters. He may perhaps flatter himself that the country is tired of hearing Lord PALMERSTON called popular, and if a suitable occasion occurs he will almost certainly make a stroke for office. Several causes may occasion a temporary division in the Ministerial ranks, but experience has shown that it is difficult to unite the Opposition at the decisive moment. A far more serious danger would arise if the rumours of dissensions within the Cabinet were confirmed. The secession of a principal member would render the position of the Government so untenable that it would scarcely be worth while either to meet Parliament or to attempt a dissolution. Otherwise, the chances seem to be in favour of the continuance of the present Ministry for another year, especially as Lord PALMERSTON, as long as his party is united, holds in his hands the dreaded weapon of dissolution. If the Minister is at last deserted by his good fortune, the succession of a comparatively untried party may perhaps effect a considerable change in the opinions and professions of many contented supporters of the present Government. If no change takes place, the Session will probably be comparatively tranquil.

THE MINOR STATES OF GERMANY.

OF all the members of the European community, the minor States of Germany are the most despised and the least understood in England. We look on them with the contempt of great people on small, and are amused with the ludicrousness of these petty provinces, with their monarchs and pasteboard nobility and tiny standing armies. But, at this instant, the minor States of Germany happen to be determining the whole policy of Europe; and as they number altogether a population of fifteen millions, and as, for the first time in modern history, they are bound together by a common cause to which they are passionately attached, it is worth while to learn what they really mean, and how it comes that they have been combined into a separate league, which for the moment has a position and a career of its own. Princes as well as subjects have gone in for this league, have encountered very serious dangers for its sake, and have snapped the thread of a thousand traditions. And, as often happens when a great national movement takes place, those who take part in it are actuated by two very different sets of influences, although practically one set comes to merge into the other. In this case, the partisans of divine right and legitimacy have shaken hands with the leaders of the party which aims at the formation of a great German nation and at an overwhelming popular triumph. The Duke of AUGUSTENBURG is supported, partly because he is the rightful heir to the Danish Duchies, and partly because he represents the endeavour to escape from a position of great national disgrace. In England, the DUKE is popularly set down as a pretender, and the chief reason given is that he is the issue of a morganatic marriage. He is nothing of the kind. A morganatic marriage is a marriage in which the parties expressly stipulate that none of the legal effects of an ordinary marriage shall follow, and is merely intended to quiet religious scruples. The Duke of AUGUSTENBURG is the issue of what the Germans call an unequal marriage. His mother belonged to one of the first families in Denmark, but was not of princely rank. Whether such a marriage debars its issue from succeeding in the princely line is, according to the lawyers favourable to the DUKE, a matter of usage in each State. In the House of OLDENBURG, the usage determines that issues of such marriages are in the line of princely succession. Since 1680 there are said to have been twenty-eight cases in which this has been recognised, and the present King of DENMARK himself takes through one of these unequal marriages. Many of the minor Sovereigns—and more especially those of Homburg, Meiningen, and Cassel—are violently in favour of the claim of the DUKE, on the ground that he is the legitimate heir; and that if Austria and Prussia can make treaties with foreign Powers, and thereby dispossess the rightful heirs of German States, the position of no small German sovereign is secure. Some abstract consideration of the balance of power may prompt Europe to determine that even Homburg or Meiningen should be swept away. The national party is equally strong in supporting the DUKE because it is notorious that the adherence of Prussia and Austria to the Treaty of London was extorted by Russia as a pledge that the national spirit in Germany would be put down, and to mark that the two Great Powers separated themselves from what was considered the revolutionary movement in Schleswig-Holstein. In some States, the Princes lead their subjects in the determination to wipe out this national disgrace, and this is more especially the case in Baden, Weimar, and Coburg; while in other States the princes, like the Kings of WURTEMBERG and HANOVER, are forced to adopt a policy which they secretly detest, or, like the King of BAVARIA, are indifferent to the question, but enjoy in a lazy way the popularity which attends them if they swim with the stream. In Saxony, the people are as enthusiastic as elsewhere, but the KING is an honest, if not a very able, man; and it was not till he had devoted three weeks (what a three weeks!) to the study of every detail of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG's claim, and had satisfied himself that it was strictly legal, that he fell in with the wishes of his subjects.

The two chief grounds on which the national movement in the minor States rests are, therefore, the conviction that the DUKE has as good a legal claim to the Duchies as the Prince of WALES has to succeed his mother; and, secondly, a burning indignation that this title should be set aside by Europe, with the sanction of Austria and Prussia, acting under the coercion of Russia. It is this union of the belief that the law is on their side with the belief that the law has been set aside in a way most humiliating to Germany, that gives the minor States a coherence which, for the hour, binds them into a league which a very slight provocation would drive into a civil war with

the two great German Powers. And their resolution is much confirmed, and their indignation fomented, by the course which has been taken in Austria and in Prussia, and especially by the conduct of Prussia. Many of the friends of the Prussian Ministry, and of the journals under Ministerial control, say openly that the title of the King of DENMARK is precisely as bad as that of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG, since both claim through marriages of disparagement, and that thus, if the Prussians found themselves in military possession of both Duchies, they would hold a sort of "No Man's Land," and might keep what they had got as first occupants. M. VON BISMARCK, however, does not go as far as this. He evidently wishes to conquer the Duchies, and then to hand them back to Denmark on the condition of Denmark being a dependent of Prussia, and aiding her in crushing out the Liberal and national party. Few statesmen are as frank as M. VON BISMARCK, and he has openly avowed that the interests of Prussia and of the minor States are diametrically opposite. Prussia does not want to encourage and strengthen the minor States, because these States always go with Austria. It is the mission of Prussia, he thinks, to be a military, domineering State, self-supporting and self-sufficing. The national party in Prussia has always urged that, by adopting a free policy in Prussia, the most energetic and influential persons in the minor States would be led to look to Prussia as their chief, and gradually form with her a free nation. M. VON BISMARCK takes quite an opposite line. Prussia does not want the minor States to look to her as their chief. She wants either to absorb them by force, or to make them her vassals. Nor does Prussia want political freedom. She wants a supreme military ruler, who can keep her name as a terror to Germany. No wonder that the minor States should stand aghast at this insulting and imprudent disclosure, and should resolve not to submit to Prussia, more especially as their cause is that of the vast majority of those classes in Prussia itself who are educated enough to have any political opinions at all.

In this season of peril, both the princes and the people of the minor States appear to be looking to France. The princes think that a confederation under a French protectorate is their only way of escaping the fate with which Prussia openly threatens them; and the more feeble and reactionary among them hope that if the minor States were finally cut off from the larger ones there would be less danger of a great national revolution, which would be sure to swamp all the smaller houses. There are many, too, among those who are most anxious for the national cause, and who yet would rather accept the help of France than become subjects of Prussia, if Prussia were to appear as a conquering, dominant, reactionary power in Germany. Whether they are right or wrong in this, it is difficult to say. It seems unnatural that Germans should look to Frenchmen to help them to fight against other Germans. But it must be remembered that those Germans against whom the contest would really be waged are Germans who have been living in willing subjection for forty years to the supremacy of a foreign Power. If Russia is no longer powerful enough to dictate in precise terms what Austria and Prussia shall do, she can still exercise a strong influence, and the party that seeks to tyrannize over the minor States is the party that has been bred up to imitate and grovel before Russia. Germany has suffered terrible things at the hands of the Holy Alliance, and the memory of this is more green and fresh than that of the more terrible things she suffered at the hands of the first NAPOLEON. But the Germans also comfort themselves with thinking that the present EMPEROR is not so bad as his uncle, and that it is his glory to have given life and scope to the great nationality of Italy. They compare themselves with the Italians, and say that they, too, are not opposed to the people of the great German States, but only to the Courts and to the party that goes with the Courts. The overwhelming majority by which the Ministerial proposals have been rejected in the Prussian Chamber is alleged as a proof that the Prussian nation is as much on the side of the minor States as the people of Tuscany were on the side of the Piedmontese. It is true that the minor States remember Savoy and Nice, but they are not staggered, for they have a Savoy and Nice to offer which it will cost them little to lose. They are prepared, if the worst comes to the worst, to sacrifice the possessions of Prussia on the left bank of the Rhine. There is probably much that is erroneous in the calculations of the minor States, and in the passion of the moment they may underrate the dangers of accepting French aid. But the moment is one of passion, and these are the calculations which they are making, and this is the course into which they are drifting.

MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

MR. BRIGHT seems to be alternately vain and ashamed of his own intemperate animosity to his opponents. In his speech at Birmingham, he interrupted himself three or four times in his invective to protest that he was the best friend of the landowner, whom he then proceeded once more to denounce with accumulated fury. His peroration has been anticipated by demagogues in all ages, though it is difficult to understand how an orator who must be conscious of the bitterness of his language and feelings can persuade himself that his motives are essentially amiable. Mr. BRIGHT's "clients have not generally been the rich and the great, but rather the poor and lowly." It is true that "they cannot give him place and dignities and wealth;" but they can give him applause and popularity, and the hope of political vengeance on his adversaries. Appeals to the sympathies of the multitude may sometimes be justifiable and necessary; but there is no especial merit in habitually encouraging the dislike of the poor to the rich. If Mr. BRIGHT had succeeded in effecting the political changes which he has endeavoured to promote, he would have been rewarded by place and dignity as the leader of a triumphant democracy. The circumstance that his party is not at present the strongest furnishes no conclusive proof of his disinterested benevolence. There is no discredit in the ambition of a man of great ability, but the assumption of superior virtue is a delusion if it is more than a rhetorical trick. Mr. BRIGHT is not exposed to the temptation of undue deference, and he seldom resists the opposite and more powerful impulse to indulge in his strong antipathies. He asks whether he is the enemy of any class if he comes forward "to state facts like these, and to explain principles like these." The last alleged fact which he had stated was that "there are men who regard these territorial magnates as idols before whom we are all to bow down in humble submission. I think travellers tell us that there is a tribe in Africa so entirely given up to superstition that they fill their huts and hovels with so many idols that they do not leave room for their families." The speaker who implies that large landowners are idols which ought to be ejected from the spaces which they overcrowd, may not unreasonably be regarded as an enemy of their class. Yet a candidate for Mr. BRIGHT's good will had better possess half a county than criticize his opinions in a newspaper. His rabid attack on the Editor of the *Times* illustrates the incoherence and inconsequence which usually characterize passionate utterances. Mr. BRIGHT calls his opponent "the Man in the Mask," though he repeats his name half a dozen times over, and though he undertakes to tell the people of Birmingham where the object of his vituperation dines and spends his evenings. There is extreme insolence in the boast that neither Mr. CODDEN nor Mr. BRIGHT himself has attempted to prohibit anonymous writing by law. If it were true "that the anonymous system inevitably is a shelter for a man who has no sense of honour," it might perhaps be expedient to suppress an essentially immoral practice. In the particular case, the name of the writer could by no possibility have affected the value of a criticism on a public speech. It is, indeed, only because journalists are anonymous that Mr. BRIGHT wishes to discover their names. "A godless intellect and practical atheism," whatever the phrase may mean, would be equally objectionable if the signatures of writers were enforced by law. When spite becomes inarticulate, it usually spurts out a charge of atheism. The coarse orators in the streets employ equivalent terms, which, although inadmissible in polite discourse, are equally meant to express a feeling of malignity rather than a theoretical censure or accusation.

The censures which have disturbed Mr. BRIGHT's temper have nevertheless done him considerable service. Notwithstanding his intolerance of criticism, he has been driven from vague declamation on the expropriation of the labouring classes into practical suggestions, which, however mischievous in language, are substantially proper for discussion. The most moderate politicians may regard the increasing accumulation of property in the hands of a few owners as a social, if not an economical, evil. The law or custom of primogeniture admits of different opinions as to its expediency, and the license of tying up property for long periods by settlement or will is the principal cause of the difficulty and expense which attend the transfer of land in England. Mr. BRIGHT owes to his antagonists the opportunity of using arguments which are not merely addressed to the envy and angry passions of the poorer classes. If he contrives to give a revolutionary colour to his proposals by the feelings which he expresses or implies, the merit of cultivating useless animosity belongs exclusively

to himself. He reminds his hearers that in the time of the Corn Law League he was charged with setting class against class, and although the measure which he was then promoting was indisputably just, the charge was not less undeniably true. In every subsequent agitation he has displayed the same implacable dislike to the monopolists, as he regards them, of land and of political power. Five or six years he demanded Parliamentary Reform, because the wealthier classes, and especially the landowners, were supposed not to bear their due proportion of taxation. When the same remedy is prescribed for the unequal distribution of landed property, it is not unreasonable to suppose that in both cases the desire of humbling the territorial aristocracy was one at least of the objects of the movement.

It is no objection to the moderate changes which Mr. BRIGHT recommends, that they can scarcely embody his ultimate purposes. The mere provision that, where land is neither settled nor devised by will, it should be equally divided among the children, is removed by a long chain of cause and effect from the institution of a peasant proprietary. Personality, which already follows the proposed rule of distribution, has not yet found its way into the hands of the labouring population. The restriction of settlements and entails to lives in being and to the children of contemplated marriages, would probably be highly beneficial in extending the power of actual owners and in simplifying titles; but there is no apparent reason why it should promote the subdivision of land, as the great proprietors are also the readiest purchasers. A freehold with a flaw in its legal pedigree is more likely to change hands when lapse of time or alteration of the law has made it saleable. The operation of a new law of distribution in cases of intestacy is more uncertain. Mr. BRIGHT himself admits that few owners of unsettled land die without a will; but he assumes that the legal rule would direct the intentions of testators, and he states that a similar change in the law of Virginia inclined proprietors to adopt the custom of equal division. In the Northern States of America there is a sufficient reason for the non-existence of large estates in the impossibility of finding tenants. One man cannot farm five thousand acres, and if no tenant will occupy his spare land, it must relapse into a wilderness. The national prejudice against a dependent tenure might possibly be overcome; but when freeholds of 160 acres are to be obtained for forty shillings, farmers have no inducement to offer rent for their holdings. If England could be stretched out, like Dido's ox-hide, to twenty times its present area, great landowners would, at least for a time, experience the same difficulty. Mr. BRIGHT expatiates with almost equal zest on the boundless extent of the United States, and on the democratic institutions which have arisen from the economic circumstances of the country. No rational advocate of a different system has ever denied that an inexhaustible extent of land may be a source of almost boundless wealth. A Government constructed in accordance with Mr. BRIGHT's doctrines would be as little able as those whom he sometimes calls his best friends, and sometimes his "Norman masters," to provide allotments of 160 acres for all claimants within the four seas. It would be at least as feasible to provide every labourer with a fortune of 3,000*l.* or 4,000*l.*, which would represent the average value of such a farm. The fortunes of the great bankers and brewers and merchants have not been transferred to their clerks and porters under the Statute of Distribution; nor is the county of Kent, notwithstanding its custom of gavelkind, cut up into potato patches.

Sweeping generalizations about the comparative condition of English labourers and foreign cottage freeholders are always incorrect and misleading. In the Eastern and Northern counties, farm-servants have probably a larger income than the corresponding class in most provinces of France. In the South-West, under precisely the same laws, wages are lower. In some parts of Wales it is difficult to find labourers to cultivate the land. Irish emigration is justly regretted as a proof of the poverty of the people, and as the Germans are not less anxious to find their way to America, it may be inferred that the equal division of property is no security against the pressure of population. Large tenant-farmers as well as landlords must disappear if room is to be made for petty freeholders, and Mr. BRIGHT has not explained the tendency of the custom of primogeniture to create large holdings as well as large estates. The compulsory French law of distribution might break up estates into farms, and farms into allotments; but it seems highly improbable that any change in the law of intestacy would produce a minute subdivision of land. There is no doubt a pleasure to the cultivator in owning the soil, but the balance of economical advantage is on the side of the English system, and freeholders

every day find that they become richer by selling their land. A given amount of agricultural produce requires far less labour in England than in France, and the superior wealth of the country which is less favoured by nature is largely attributable to the disposable surplus of labour. The immediate victims of primogeniture, the younger children of noblemen and wealthy gentlemen, stand in little need of Mr. BRIGHT's compassion. It may be true, as he says, that it would be as cruel to leave a younger son to starve as to deprive him of freedom or education, but the cadets of great houses seldom come on the parish. The smaller gentry by no means adopt uniformly the habit of making, as it is called, an eldest son. The larger landowners occasionally do injustice to their younger children, but the sufferers may remember that, if equal distribution had prevailed for one or two previous generations, their own patrimony would probably have been smaller than at present. It is surprising that the owners of enormous fortunes have so rarely profited by their wealth to found three or four families instead of one overgrown fortune; but the custom of enriching a second son is spreading, and the practice may perhaps become more common. If Mr. BRIGHT could discuss these questions temperately and fairly, he would find that the opponents of his political projects are not disinclined to correct any errors which may prevail in the tenure and distribution of property.

GERMANY AND DENMARK.

HISTORY scarcely presents so complicated a mass of quarrels as the disputes which have arisen with respect to Schleswig and Holstein. The German Diet and the minor States are eager to declare war against Denmark on one ground, while they denounce Austria and Prussia as traitors to the national cause for attacking Denmark on another pretext. England and France concur in urging on the great German Powers the acceptance of the concessions which are tardily offered by the Danish Government; but, while England uses strong terms of censure to Saxony, Hanover, and Wurtemberg, the Emperor NAPOLEON tenders his patronage, if not his active support, to the petty princes in their quarrel with their ordinary leaders. It is scarcely possible that the German passion for unity should end in a secession, or even in a foreign alliance which would divide the Confederation into two; but, in the irritation of the moment, some of the minor States are discussing the desperate measure of siding with France against Austria and Prussia. The general confusion is increased by the rupture which has taken place, both at Berlin and Vienna, between the Crown and the Parliament. The Prussian House of Deputies has been prorogued after refusing a loan for the occupation of Schleswig, and the Austrian Council of the Empire has, by a small majority, passed a similar resolution. Although diplomacy takes notice only of the Executive power in every State, the English Government at least may find it embarrassing to urge upon the Austrian and Prussian Ministers a policy which is condemned in both countries by the representatives of the people. It is not altogether inconvenient that M. VON BISMARCK should oppose the strength of the prerogative to unjustifiable Parliamentary demands; but Englishmen cannot deny that, if he is politically in the right, he is acting in defiance of all constitutional principle. No other Minister would have had the hardihood to quote, in a modern Chamber, the celebrated speech in which FREDERICK WILLIAM I. proclaimed his despotic contempt for the chartered rights of the Prussian gentry. "I establish the prerogative," said the arbitrary Sovereign in his barbarous jargon, "*wie ein Rocher de bronze*," and the Minister of his descendant is not ashamed to inform a constitutional Assembly that the "*Rocher de bronze*" still exists in its integrity. Count RECHBERG, in the Council of the Empire, was less violent in his language, but his Government is nevertheless proceeding with military operations, although the supplies which were declared necessary to the operation have been withheld by the Council. It is not always easy to define the practical powers of Continental Parliaments, but, in the present instance, both the Prussian and Austrian Chambers undoubtedly express the feelings and opinions of their constituents and of the whole German nation. A rupture of England with the chief German Governments, on grounds precisely opposite to those which cause the dissatisfaction of their subjects, would be in the highest degree perplexing. A declaration of war against the invaders of Schleswig would provide them with an excuse and an opportunity for rallying all their present opponents in the Confederacy to their support.

It must be admitted that the proceedings of Austria and Prussia furnish just ground for dissatisfaction. The Danish

Government has at last, under the pressure of friendly remonstrance, and in the presence of superior force, promised to summon a Parliament, to which it will propose the recall of the obnoxious Constitution by which Schleswig is supposed to be incorporated with Denmark. As all parties to the dispute are fully aware, the KING has no power to rescind a formal statute, and consequently Denmark makes the nearest possible approach to the concession which was lately demanded as the alternative of war. England and France have not failed to support the reasonable request of the Danish Government for delay, but it is announced that the Austrian and Prussian armies have received orders to cross the frontier of Schleswig without further hesitation. It is possible that wanton bloodshed may be avoided if the allied armies, after passing the Eyder, abstain from attacking the Danish position. The only pacific symptom which can be discovered in the proceedings of the invaders is the summary substitution of the Prussian flag for the Federal colours at Kiel, and the compulsory dissolution of the local forces which Prince FREDERICK had begun to levy. It seems that both Austria and Prussia display an ostentatious disrespect for the Diet and its agents. Hanover was forced to allow a passage to the Prussian troops, and the commander of the Federal army of execution in Holstein received no formal notice that the allies were about to enter the Duchy. War would be almost unavoidable if the interests of the great German Powers coincided with their apparent conduct; but Prussia discountenances the AUGUSTENBURG claim, and Austria, which would certainly not promote a Prussian conquest of the disputed provinces, has every motive for preventing a disturbance of the peace of Europe. The expedition to Schleswig has probably been undertaken for the purpose of terminating the crisis by forcible methods, before other combatants are ready to take part in a general disturbance. It may be hoped that even the harsh refusal to wait for the meeting of the Danish Parliament is prompted by an intelligible anxiety to conclude the controversy at the earliest possible moment.

If any error or misfortune should lead to a serious conflict in the North, Austria would, within a few months, be exposed to imminent danger. There are rumours of a purpose to extend the Polish insurrection into Galicia and Posen; and, although there seems to be little prudence in converting a neutral Government into a bitter enemy of Poland, the risk renders it necessary to maintain a large force on the Galician frontier. The tricky Government of the Danubian Principalities is, with the countenance of French and Russian agents, collecting arms and supplies for hostile measures against Turkey. The ancient dispute with Hungary has not even approached a settlement, and it is possible that Kossuth's menacing proclamation may indicate serious designs. Above all, the Italian army is fully prepared for action, and the Italian finances are embarrassed. The KING and the nation avowedly wait only for a favourable opportunity to attempt the recovery or annexation of Venetia, and any ally who will concur in an attack on Austria may count on the aid of 300,000 effective soldiers under young and ambitious leaders. The Peace Society has done well to discontinue its meetings when half the States of Europe are eager or ready for an explosion. It is the misfortune of Austria to be surrounded by possible enemies, whose unfriendliness would at once assume the form of open hostility if there appeared to be a prospect of success. For the purpose of postponing a war of succession in the Cimbric Duchies, the Austrian Government has ventured to alienate the German States, whom the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH courted so eagerly at the Frankfort Conferences. It could then scarcely have been supposed that, within five months, the Emperor of the FRENCH would be encouraged to revive the policy of LOUIS XIV., of LOUIS XV., and of NAPOLEON I., by proclaiming himself the supporter of the petty German States against their overbearing Confederates. French diplomacy has a hand in all the petty intrigues of Moldavia and Wallachia, and the Poles would, on the faintest intimation from Paris, promote an insurrection in Galicia. Italian patriots, if they could form an alliance with Hungary, would perhaps not unwillingly dispense with French assistance, but Austria has no security against a renewal of the league of 1859. There can be no doubt that the Court of Vienna would gladly recall its contingent from Schleswig, but for the opening which would be made for the movements of the minor German Princes.

The English Government has abundant need of all the caution and sagacity which can be brought to bear on the negotiations; and it may be hoped that the ominous rumours of diplomatic threats and naval demonstrations are wholly

unfounded. Lord PALMERSTON can scarcely believe that the country would support any Government in a war for the ambiguous rights of Denmark. The true course was comparatively clear as long as the obstinacy of Denmark provided Austria and Prussia with a technical pretext for war. The offer to repeal the Constitution by the only practicable method seems to place the invaders in the wrong; but nevertheless it must be remembered that the withdrawal of the Great Powers might precipitate a collision between the more warlike German Governments and Denmark. It is said that the Gods themselves are baffled by stupidity, and if the existing confusion is partly attributable to circumstances, it could scarcely be more absolute if it had been contrived by the most muddle-headed of diplomatists. It is true that a certain order might be established in the chaos of duties and rights if England were to proclaim the purpose of defending Denmark against all assailants; but unfortunately the object, if it were feasible, could only be attained by the aid of Russia, for it is by no means certain that France might not take the opposite side in the quarrel. A Russian alliance against Germany, and possibly against France, would indirectly involve complicity in the destruction of Poland; and it is not permissible, even for the purpose of preventing a particular wrong, to dislocate so suddenly and so violently all existing connexions and associations. Even in the interest of Denmark, it is better that almost any sacrifice should be made for the preservation of peace. War effectually simplifies litigation, and Germany might probably conquer a right in Schleswig which she has hitherto found it difficult to prove. The French still believe that they have a vested interest in the territories which they conquered at the end of the last century, although the spoliation has, after a possession of twenty years, been redressed for half a century. The Germans might now plausibly maintain, if Schleswig fell into their hands by the fortune of war, that the Eyder no longer formed, as in the old inscription, the boundary of the Roman Empire or of the Confederacy which inherits its claims. At the best, the long-standing quarrel will only be adjourned, but diplomacy which gains time may fairly consider itself successful.

THE BALANCE AT OUR BANKER'S.

ALTHOUGH most people are ruined by adversity, those who arrive at destruction by prosperity are not a few. The typical instance of the fatal consequences of success is no less a one than the Man after God's own heart. King DAVID found everything go well with him when all the world was against him. As a refugee, he exhibited all the moral and spiritual virtues; but as a King, he contrived to make up the balance of life by trying a good many vices. The hardy, simple warrior, when he became a powerful Oriental monarch, took to idleness and his neighbour's wife. Profane history gives us plenty of similar instances of ruin by good luck. Rome was choked by riches, and Spain, like CRASSUS, found a flood of gold too much for her powers of moral digestion. England is approaching a dangerous condition of the body politic if States are but the expansion of the individual. Many a man has struggled through a long life of economical virtue and laborious thrift, and has been brought to grief in the afternoon of his career by a mischievous stroke of good fortune.

For Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

When a family has arrived by hard work at the decent competence of a thousand a year, it has often to curse the posthumous generosity of a long-lived relative who has bequeathed that unthankworthy legacy of four or five thousand pounds. It is at once too much and too little. It is too little for new-born tastes, sudden aspirations, and the late necessity of living like oneself—too much for persisting in the old jog-trot of careful economies. A servant in livery, a villa, two-dozen dinner parties, a few at-homes, a renovation of carpets and plate chest, and a fashionable milliner, are a moderate stint of the reasonable expenditure which a legacy is thought to justify or even to demand. When the safe level of economy is crossed, there are no heights of expenditure too sublime to be attained, at least in intention. We fear something of this sort for the British nation. It is announced that we have something like a surplus of a couple of millions on the national balance-sheet. This contingent surplus is already beginning to burn JOHN BULL's breeches-pocket. Great Expectations may yet be our ruin. We have retrenched expenses; we have cut down pomps and vanities; we have even declined the most tempting bargains. When *Messrs. KELK and LUCAS* offered us a

charming green-house last summer, at a tremendous sacrifice, we stood stoically on one side. Our austere virtue was proof at once against Mr. GLADSTONE's minatory eloquence and the seductions of a sham auction. But all this was before the banker's book was made up. There is at last a balance on the right side, and it will be well if we do not, on the strength of it, plunge at once into some desperate deed of extravagance.

The great question is, shall we trim our expenditure to our income by cutting down both income and expenditure, taking care that we lop off more outgoings than incomings, or shall we spend the goods the gods provide us by a sumptuous disregard henceforth of the duty of looking into cheese-parings and candle-ends? There is something to be said for either course. If we remit two millions of taxes, or diminish the Customs or Excise by that amount, then of course we shall have less income, and, the annual bills being the same, we shall have nothing to spare. But then there is the difficulty, Which part of our income can we afford to do without? Just as, in the domestic circle, everybody vows that every department of expenditure except his or her own can be cut down, so is it with the nation. The house-keeping book cannot be reduced; the wine-merchant's bill is at the lowest pitch of decency. Paterfamilias thinks a bonnet or two less might be managed; and the mistress of the household has her views about the possibility of reducing that unknown sum of secret service money—the master's club bills. But everybody is at issue with everybody as to where the pruning-knife is to be first applied. So it is with the nation, only in an inverse way. Nobody can quite agree about a remission of taxation, because everybody wants the full benefit of the surplus to go into his own pocket and not into his neighbour's. One of the worst results of a surplus revenue is the encouragement it offers to the cultivation of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness. In wintry weather, charitable people of an ornithological turn of mind sometimes feel it to be their duty to fling down a plateful of crumbs and bread-scrap for the benefit of the robins and sparrows and tomits. There is enough to keep the usual tenants of the lawn from starvation, if they would all peck quietly and in turn. But the charity is sadly wasted. The dole only provokes strife and quarrel among the feathered poor. They fight, and wrangle, and scream, and flutter at each other, and the largest lump is always carried off by the most audacious and pugnacious, generally by some lubberly thrush who appropriates the crust of contention by simple might and insolence.

So it is, or may be, with our poor two millions of surplus. Already the quarrelsome claimants are swooping down from every corner of the parish. There is the carcase, but they are anything but eagles that are gathered together. The agricultural interest, which has always got a grievance, is bearing down on the Exchequer with the weight and bucolic eloquence of universal squiredom. What succeeded in the matter of hops they think is not likely to fail in the matter of malt. Agrarian meetings, a committee in permanence, a Parliamentary agent, deputations—these arms have been proved, and they will doubtless be put into requisition again. But then Parliament has committed itself—rather by accident though—to an abstract resolution against the Fire Insurance duty, and pledges ought to be redeemed. The farmers have the most to say, but the Insurance Companies think they have the thin end of the wedge fixed in the rough block of official obstruction. If taxes were one by one submitted to the judgment of Parliament, there is not one which could be defended on any other merits than that of necessity; and the only thing to be said in favour of conferring a special boon on the Insurance offices is that something has been said against the Insurance Duty, which something might, if the issue had been raised, have been said against any other form of taxation. But we have also to confront the claims of the domestic teapot and the domestic sugar-basin. These postulants have in their favour the argument derived from consistency. If, in the interests of morality and all the household virtues, it is right to encourage tea-drinking by remitting a poor twopence or threepence a pound, it must be right to go further, and remit another twopence or threepence. If the smoker were not considered immoral in the straiter circles, he might in his turn avail himself of this argument, and urge the blessings of a cheap, and yet cheaper, pipe, especially as he finds at the tobacconist's shop that cigars continue to be retailed at the old rate of threepence apiece. Then there are the paper-

makers, whom Mr. GIBSON advises to rest and be thankful, but who, in a grumbling, dissatisfied way, assure him that, as the supply of rags is artificially restricted, the supposed reduction of the excise on paper is illusory and vain. But besides the special advocates for untaxed malt, insurances, and tea, there are other and more general interests that have a word to say. As most people have a house, and as a good many people are owners of a good many houses, the building interest comes into competition with the landed interest, and has a word or two to say about the House Duty. Householders, forgetful perhaps that this particular remission would in the long run go to the landlord instead of the tenant, think that charity, in its form of diminished taxation, ought to begin at home. Then there is the Income-tax, in which everybody except Mr. BRIGHT's clients has a very direct concern, and which of course interests everybody. We all understand the Income-tax. It is the most intelligible of burthens. Tea and sugar and malt and paper and tobacco we know that we can do without. Theoretically they are to us as *Divi-Divi*, which we once heard about in the old time before PEEL. No doubt that a reduction of duty on tea and sugar would affect nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand, but there is hardly one in a thousand whom it would affect sensibly. What most people like in the way of remission is the absence of the tax-collector from their door-step. The confidential billets of the Income-tax Commissioners are the heaviest, because the most palpable, grievance of man. An Income-tax at fourpence in the pound, that symmetrical sixtieth of everybody's all, would probably unite the largest and most unanimous suffrages for reduction.

These are but specimens of the discordant chorus of suppliants for the unfortunate two millions which will set so many beggars in full cry for the next few months. And all this is on the supposition that the only way to balance our books is to forego revenue. But what if we agree to spend it? It is a poor heart that never rejoices; and our years of parsimony, however involuntary the duty was, have but whetted our secret and not altogether unnatural love of a fling out. After all, what is a single trip on the Continent, or even a single Greenwich dinner, when all the bills are paid, and there is a balance at the banker's? Well, it is nothing; nay, it is right. Everybody else would do it; in point of fact, everybody does it, whether there is a balance or not. There is our neighbour, who has rebuilt his town house, and whose wife is, as he told the parson of the parish the other day, the Lady Bountiful, as well as the Lady Beautiful, of the whole country. And our neighbour's accounts are nothing near so orderly as our own. He is rather shy of letting his own "circle" know the exact state of his affairs; and in the little that he does condescend to inform them, some old friends, who have just come up from the country, have taken the liberty to tell him that, if he is to keep his head above water at all, he must retrench. Scant thanks these advisers have got for their advice; but this is not the point. The point is that our nearest neighbour, with a very doubtful income, contrives to get through a vast deal of money and to have all sorts of beautiful things. He builds houses, he buys pictures, he keeps his yacht, and some folks say it is better than our yacht; and all upon the credit or discredit of a balance all the wrong way. Then there are our other neighbours—some on the other side of the river, some down in the shires—who, though they are dreadfully in debt and out at elbows in every possible way, indulge, or are going to indulge, in the most extravagant of luxuries—in lawsuits of which the costs out of pocket are only some hundred millions or so. There is every encouragement, in the way of our neighbours' example, for us to spend our little Godsend, or Devilsend, whichever it is. Why should we not for once astonish the Browns? There is Art and Science.

Some demon whispers, *Visto* have a taste.

There are new Museums threatened or promised, or at least clamoured for. There are Galleries too, and National Monuments. We have given alms to Lancashire; why should we not make the Poor Law Board our almoners for the future? There is the Consolidated Fund; why not fling a few burthens like the Main Drainage upon it? We are so chary about posterity that we are in a fair way to starve in the midst of plenty. Then there is the threatening spectre of reconstructing the navy, and fetching up that leeway in the little matter of artillery into which, it is said, we have drifted, while both France and America have gone ahead of us. Why should we not run up a bill with WHITWORTH as well as ARMSTRONG, and spend all our two millions in settling the experiment in a business-like way? Or some people will say that a con-

sciousness of means stirs up the valorous elements of character. War is a pretty pastime in itself; and, as we have no interest of our own at stake, just for variety we might do a little fighting for an idea. There is plenty of troubled water to fish in. Besides, who knows whether we may not be made to fight, whether we like it or not? There must be something very irritating and provoking to all the bankrupt States about us to see us Englishmen pay our own way so regularly. As Sir LUCIUS O'TRIGGER remarks, there is an air of success about us which is mighty provoking. We are well enough off to provoke the Evil Eye. And what makes us most apprehensive about the future is, that we are not so sure that our present House Steward is quite the man to stand the spectacle of JOHN BULL capering about to the tune of money in both pockets. Mr. GLADSTONE's intellect is far too subtle and ingenious to subside into that very commonplace and prosaic policy which would consist in letting well alone. The times are anything but out of joint; but a Prosperity ROBINSON may reappear in the person of one who is in every respect his opposite, both as a Minister and a man.

M. THIERS ON MEXICO.

M. THIERS, in his long political life, has seldom been more successful than in the speech in which he has sketched the history of the Mexican expedition, and painted its probable consequences. The facts of the past are tolerably simple, and it was probably only to show how gratuitous was the mess in which the EMPEROR has plunged France that M. THIERS went so fully over the ground. The right plan was a very simple one. France might have done what England did, and occupied the ports until the money due to her was paid. This, M. THIERS remarks, is not thought a very grand plan in France. It is there held to be inglorious only to interfere where ships can go. History replies that it may be inglorious, but that it is all that can be done without great risk. But the EMPEROR wanted something more than money. He had taken it into his head to set up a monarchy for the benefit of an Austrian prince. Why he wished this was a speculation into which M. THIERS did not feel at liberty to enter. But he determined on carrying out his idea, and the French, after an enormous expenditure of money and life, took Mexico, and the throne is now waiting for the Archduke MAXIMILIAN. All this every one knew; but the real difficulty is to say what is to be done. M. THIERS does not shirk the question. He boldly says that the best thing, even now, is to treat with JUAREZ, to revert to the inglorious English plan of collecting the Customs dues for the payment of debts, and to tell the ARCHDUKE that there is some mistake and that he is not wanted. M. THIERS could not, of course, expect that he would persuade the Chamber to recommend this, for to have recommended it would have been to thwart the EMPEROR in a manner especially irritating to him. The scheme for an Austrian Empire in Mexico is as purely the creation of LOUIS NAPOLEON's brain as the expedition to Boulogne was, and, now that he is EMPEROR, he cannot allow his expeditions to fail. But M. THIERS may naturally have wished to show that, if it were not for the EMPEROR, France would stop short in this mad Mexican business, and would count the cost before going any further. In order to carry conviction to all the thousands who will study his words, M. THIERS undertook to prove two things. First he offered to show that the Mexican expedition, if the ARCHDUKE was once suffered to ascend the throne, would be indefinitely prolonged, with a ceaseless train of dangers and difficulties; and, secondly, he made it his business to prove, by calculations and statistics of the most elaborate kind, that Mexico was not worth occupying, and that there was no reasonable man alive who could hope to see the day when France would be reimbursed for her outlay.

It is evident, he remarks, that France is undertaking a cause which is in opposition to the wishes of the great majority of Mexicans. No one pretends that the move for a monarchy under French protection came from any but the clerical party, and the clerical party is not liked in Mexico. It is an ignorant, a debased, and a reckless party, and is headed by a clergy of what M. THIERS happily called "intertropical manners." The people do not respect their priests, and have got their lands; and the feeling against the clerical party is so strong that, although that party was invested with the prestige of being in alliance with the conquerors, and was at first greatly favoured by the French, General BAZAINE has now had to sweep clean round, and to take a decisive part against those who wish to reclaim the Church property. M. THIERS also asserts that the portion of Mexican territory in the actual control of

the French is not more than one-twentieth of the whole, and whether he is right or wrong will obviously turn on what is meant by an effective occupation. But, for the sake of argument, he was ready to suppose that the Liberal party was persuaded or coerced into accepting the ARCHDUKE, and that military opposition was at an end. The ARCHDUKE is to arrive about the beginning of next April. He is sure to be welcomed there, for all new Sovereigns are welcomed. The Greeks, M. THIERS observes, welcomed King OTTO, and when they had got tired of him were ready to welcome King GEORGE, or any one else. But almost immediately after his welcome is over the rainy season will commence, and in the rainy season of Mexico nothing can be done. He and the forty thousand French troops who support him will have to wait patiently for four months, until the weather clears up, and some effective steps can be taken to establish the Government in the provinces. It is supposed that he will then proceed to embody some thousands of native troops, who, in process of time, are to relieve the French troops. But how is he to do this? He will have absolutely no public funds. The Customs duties are all detained at the ports, and the country can neither bear nor yield taxes of any magnitude. The French must therefore either pay for their substitutes or stay themselves. It costs, however, at least half a million sterling a month to keep up the army of occupation. France will thus be running up a claim against the new Mexican Government of at least six millions a year, in addition to the ten or twelve millions already owing. The foreign debt of Mexico is already at least fourteen millions, and therefore the Government, at the end of the first year of the new EMPEROR'S reign, would owe at the lowest thirty millions of money; and M. THIERS is inclined to put the figure much higher. Now the gross revenue of Brazil, which for fifty years has had peace and a settled government, and has a quiet, industrious population, in the midst of vast natural resources, only reaches four millions a year. It is not too much, therefore, to say that Mexico would start with ten years' revenue pledged to creditors, even if the French army of occupation could be withdrawn at the end of a year. But it is absurd to expect that this can happen. What has occurred in St. Domingo is too instructive to be passed over. That portion of the island which had at no very distant time belonged to Spain voluntarily reverted to her, and those who presided over the transaction thought they had done a very clever and successful thing. But before long the party who had been overwhelmed by a *coup d'état* regained its strength, and now Spain is engaged in an exhausting struggle, and is losing a serious number of valuable troops in order that she may retain by force what was supposed to have been thrust on her in goodwill. The conduct of General BAZAINE proves that the party opposed to the new order of things in Mexico is far the most numerous, and the success of JUAREZ before the intervention proves the same thing. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN will, therefore, if the French go, be left exposed to the chances of a revolution in which he will have the majority of his subjects against him, while he will have no money to pay the troops on whom he must rely. Nor is this all. The new Empire will have plenty of foreign as well as of domestic enemies. When the American war is over, there will be every temptation for one or the other Confederation, or for the restored Union, if it is restored, to make a sloop on Mexico, and win an easy prize, and at the same time gratify the popular sentiments of most Northern Americans. And, if the Governments stand aloof, there will be almost an equal danger from adventurers, of whom a vast number, demoralized by war and utterly reckless, will be thrown adrift by the cessation of the civil conflict in the States. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN could not protect himself against a revolution, or against a North American Government, or against the incursions of roaming adventurers. France must be there to save him; and if France is there to save him effectually she must still go on spending little less than six millions of money a year without a prospect of being repaid, and must lock up forty thousand soldiers away from Europe and the battle-fields in which France aspires to be predominant.

The calculations by which M. THIERS attempted to prove that Mexico has no great elements of wealth and is not worth occupation are probably open to much criticism, but still they are well worth studying by those Frenchmen who look on Mexico as another great Suez Canal, by which they are going to make their fortunes, while the English who have been outwitted burst with envy. Mexico, M. THIERS said, will not grow cotton, because cotton can only be planted on the lowlands, which are so unhealthy that not even the Indians will work

there. The reports of the mineral wealth of Mexico have been much exaggerated, and the example of California is adduced by M. THIERS to show that, even where a considerable vein of the precious metal is found, the Government of the State is not much the richer for it, and that the great gain which the discovery of a gold-field brings with it is the inducement it affords for the establishment of an industrious agricultural people, who begin by working to supply the miners and end by finding the true wealth of the country in the ordinary tillage or use of the soil. But, in Mexico, the region which is known or supposed to be most metalliferous is so frightfully unhealthy that persons of European extraction would never venture to settle there. The old famous silver mines of Mexico are now in such a state that the agents of several influential houses—who, when the occupation of Mexico seemed decided on, were sent out to collect information—reported that it would be dangerous to have anything to do with silver mines, and recommended copper mines as more advantageous. Even in the better parts of Mexico, agriculture, as M. THIERS assured his audience, does not thrive. The violent rains baffle the cultivators, and the excessive heats that follow do nearly as much damage. Thus, even if Mexico had as settled a Government and as steady a population as Brazil, with no wars or revolutions to trouble it, there would be considerable difficulty in making it pay its way. It is not, therefore, likely to be very flourishing under a state of things which, even if the French retain forty thousand troops there, makes it, as M. THIERS says, ludicrous to suppose that so much will be effected as to keep the main roads passable and free from brigands. The representatives of the Government in the Chamber of course contradicted all this; and it seems absurd to suppose that, if the French permanently occupied Mexico, they could not make it at least as flourishing as in its best days under the Spaniards. But it is one thing to say that in time Mexico might be prosperous, and another to say that France will not lose money by occupying it.

THE POLITICS OF MARYLEBONE.

TO those who make contemporary politics their study there will always be a deep interest attaching to the Metropolitan Member. Though he originates nothing himself, and though his reflections upon politics can scarcely lay much claim to sagacity, his speeches have in them more that is instructive and useful than the orations of far more ambitious politicians. The Radical members in the North, who have recently been devoting themselves to the somewhat unpromising task of stirring up a war of classes, are in general far abler men. But they represent nothing except themselves. We can only learn from their declamation what is the particular crotchet which has hold of their minds at the moment, or what is the agitation which they imagine will smooth before them the arduous ascent to power. Their speeches contain the creed which they desire that their audiences should believe, but they give no information concerning the opinions that are actually entertained. Such men as Mr. COBDEN, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. FORSTER hold their seats in some measure by their reputations. They can afford to be eccentric, or to shoot beyond the opinions of their constituents, if it suits their purpose to do so; and therefore they are untrustworthy as indicators of the current of opinion. Any particular view may be supported by them for the purpose of pleasing their constituents, but it may have for its object to make themselves more feared, and therefore more powerful in the House of Commons. It is impossible, consequently, to say that any particular sentiment is cherished by the Bradford, or Rochdale, or Birmingham ten-pounders, because it has been propounded by the members who represent those places. But the Metropolitan Member occupies an entirely different position. He is a faithful mirror of his time—a registering thermometer, of marvellous accuracy, to record the maximum and minimum points of popular passion. There is, in his case, no personal eminence or reputation to lead him astray as to the relation in which he stands towards his constituents. He knows that he was not elected by virtue either of the social influence or of the political distinction which procured their seats for the great mass of the House of Commons. Such things, even if he had them to offer, have little weight with Metropolitan constituencies, at least north of the Thames. He is elected upon the one simple condition of reproducing, with passive fidelity, the prejudices and the passions of the majority that chose him. And therein lies the great utility of his speech. For some purposes a photograph is more valuable than a landscape from the hand of a first-rate artist. It is satisfactory sometimes, and important, to know

that you have the absolute naked truth before your eyes, without any of the alterations it might undergo from the hand of genius. Precisely the same kind of merit may be confidently sought in the speech of a Metropolitan Member.

If we approach the "utterances" of Lord FERMOY and Mr. HARVEY LEWIS in this spirit, they are not devoid of interest. The set of subjects which are dominant in the minds of the ten-pounders of Marylebone are evidently widely different from those which fill the thoughts of the tribunes of the people in the North. Their views upon foreign politics are decidedly warlike. The old cry of Polish independence has not yet lost its charm, and they think with regret of the passive attitude which England has been forced to assume. Even in regard to the Danish quarrel, where no such traditional sentiment exists, the speakers show no aversion for war. They of course refer to it in deprecating tones, as speaking to those who will have to pay an extra income-tax if it comes. But they have evidently no fear that their constituents will restrain them from supporting Lord PALMERSTON, if he should decide upon taking active measures on behalf of Denmark. Their tone is very different from the indignation with which Mr. FORSTER repelled the very idea of the possibility of war. They give to Reform the compliment of a few perfunctory regrets. They could not in consistency pass it by, but their interest in it is constrained and languid, like the tender inquiries with which you greet a friend whom you have not met for years, and whom you have entirely forgotten. It was part of a necessary ceremony, but it was done simply as a pious duty, without passion or ill-will. The services of the Greek Church still regularly anathematize heretics who have been dead for twelve hundred years; and in the same spirit, every Radical meeting still feels bound to mutter over the formula of a Reforming faith, and the curses which accompany it. But the duty was performed in that tone of resigned weariness with which the clergy a few years since used to read the vigorous language of the Fifth of November service. The new formula that has been recently invented by the Northern democrats met a still less encouraging reception. It never occurred to either member to mention primogeniture as a subject in which their constituents could possibly take any interest. That anybody's wages would be raised by an Act passed to regulate the rare case of a landowner's intestacy, is a theory which has not yet made its way to Marylebone. One solitary disciple, however, of the new creed was there. Even the *Morning Star* was unable to ascertain his name. He merely appears in the report as an anonymous "Questioner." But he had the courage to press the members concerning the new article of faith. He wished to know "whether they would vote for the total and immediate abolition of the law of primogeniture." He did not enter further on the subject. Possibly his views upon the big word he had got up were as hazy as those of some of his instructors. But he received a prompt and unceremonious quietus from the popular members for Marylebone. Neither of them would even give an evasive pledge upon the subject; they would not even argue the matter with their questioner. They evidently felt that primogeniture would never gain or lose them a single vote.

But the most striking sign of the times was that none of these subjects were those upon which the constituency felt any genuine interest. Denmark, Reform, primogeniture, all of them failed to call up a single speaker whose name was sufficiently well known to the constituency to be discovered by a sympathetic reporter. There were subjects of far deeper import that occupied their minds. There was the great question whether public bathing-places should be established in the Regent's Park. Those who are conversant with the colour of the water which it is proposed thus to utilize would not perhaps be prepared to expect any great amount of public enthusiasm upon this point. Still greater anxiety appears to have been felt upon the subject of Mr. SOMES'S Bill. The agitators for that Bill pursue an ingenious policy. They leave with every householder a paper upon which he is requested to intimate whether he approves of the Bill or objects to it. The average householder pitches this paper into the fire. But all the fanatics who are for the Bill, and a very few idle people who are against it, take the trouble of expressing their opinions. Of course, a clear majority in favour of the Bill is the result. This device appears to have been practised in St. Pancras; and it is naturally regarded as a libel upon a parish which is so singularly blest in the number of its public-houses and in the hilarity which habitually prevails around them. But all these topics were thrown

into the shade by the one engrossing question of Metropolitan Railways. What did the ten-pounder care for the invasion of Denmark, when the invasion of Marylebone was in question? What was the crossing of the Eyder, compared to the crossing of the New Road? It was little he cared for what Parliament might do with his property, if he died intestate, so long as they would protect his house, while he was living, from the ravages of subterranean tunnels. A reckless engineer letting the daylight in through the walls of his modest tenement was a grievance compared to which a law of primogeniture or a restricted franchise melted into shadow. On a small scale, the meeting in Marylebone teaches, as America is teaching on a larger, the result to which elective bodies of a democratic character must invariably come. In stormy times, when some physical privation presses, or some contagious passion excites them, they will be ungovernably tyrannical and reckless of the rights of others. In times of calm, the public questions upon which they are appointed arbiters will lose all interest for them, and their whole political energies will be devoted to hindering a railway, or setting up a bathing-place in a fish-pond.

THE FRENCH BUDGET.

THE *exposé des motifs* with which the French Budget is introduced does not purport to be the work of the MINISTER OF FINANCE, and the feebleness of the document encourages the belief that M. FOULD had little to do, directly or indirectly, with its composition. The chief interest which attaches to this exposition of the views of the Government is derived from the speculations which it suggests as to the reception of so flimsy a production by the keen financiers of the awakened Opposition. In the nature of things, a disquisition confined as this is to the "ordinary budget," as it is termed, of the Imperial Government, must be trivial and unmeaning. If, in England, our CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER were to say that he would put aside some twenty or thirty millions for the inevitable interest on the public debt, another ten millions for the army, as much more for the navy, and so on, because he knew that in any case these sums must be exceeded, and that, calling all this certain expenditure "ordinary," he remitted the fluctuating surplus under each head to an "extraordinary" budget, it would be understood at once that the ordinary budget was a matter not worth discussing, and that every question of economy, policy, and prudence must turn upon the provisions which were kept in reserve.

Such a partition as we have imagined between the almost constant and the fluctuating elements of expenditure is the rule, in France, under the *régime* established by M. FOULD. There would not be the least harm in such an arrangement if it were frankly admitted that the figures in the ordinary balance-sheet were within certain limits dependent solely on arbitrary caprice, and that the only material statement was that which related to what is termed the extraordinary budget. For example, the Minister sets down the army at any standard he pleases, and calculates the expense accordingly, without the smallest reference to the actual number of regiments under arms. Any balance of expenditure is simply transferred to the extraordinary budget. It is the same with all the other items, and the surplus shown is large or small according to what may be thought the policy best suited for the moment. The strange thing is that Frenchmen—who, whatever their faults, are not wanting in acuteness—are treated with elaborate arguments upon the ordinary budget regarded by itself, just as if the figures it contained had any real significance. Commonly it has been the practice, as in the present year, to reserve the discussion of the extraordinary expenditure for a distinct occasion, and then to pass it over with as light a hand as it will bear, while the *motifs* of the ordinary budget are loaded with the grandest platitudes, based upon facts wholly devoid of significance.

It has been thought judicious, in the balance-sheet for 1865, to exhibit an increase of expenditure of nearly 1,000,000*l.*, that being about the amount at which the improvement of the revenue is estimated. Very much of the skill of a French financier is shown in duly regulating the ordinary expenditure. Whatever is added under this head is so much withdrawn from the extraordinary outlay, and any increase in the so-called normal expenses may generally be regarded as designed to make room for a more important advance in the extraordinary budget. Whether this expectation may or may not be verified on the present occasion, it is amusing to observe the pains which are taken to reconcile the Corps Législatif to this arbitrary increase of the ordinary expenditure. They are told that it is

only matter of form; that one part of it is nothing but the Sinking Fund, which never figures on one side of an account without coming into the other also; that another item is due to bounties on exportation, a third to payment of interest on the debt, and a fourth to an increased subsidy to a line of packets. Why an increase in these branches of expenditure should be less alarming than in any other it is not very easy to comprehend; but those who are not pleased with the specific details cannot fail to be gratified by the complacent picture of the general situation with which the Ministerial explanation is introduced.

The accumulated deficits are simply "the expression of the past"; and the floating debt, which is the ugly form into which they are now translated, need trouble no one, because it will all be set in order by the loan, and the country will once more be able to take a fresh start under the most favourable conditions, as it has done several times since the establishment of the Empire, and is likely to do again if the Empire lasts, with a very uniform result. The Government scribe, with creditable audacity, proceeds to suggest to the Corps Législatif the ticklish question whether the results of the last two budgets ought to encourage hope or justify fear for the future. The answer appended is, of course, in favour of the sanguine estimate; but as the only reason assigned for this pleasant conclusion is that past budgets would have been wound up with a surplus but for exceptional expenses, it is not quite certain that the small but important section of the Corps Législatif which dares to think will be immediately convinced. It would be idle to pass in detailed review the figures which are discussed in this manifesto. Their chief significance consists in what they do not reveal. A French representative may naturally be supposed to be anxious to know what the military expenses of his country are likely to be under the aggravation of the Mexican war or occupation, and to what extent the strength of the army has been increased. The ordinary budget leaves him wholly in the dark. He is told, indeed, that the ordinary expenditure of all the departments exceeds that of the last year by no more than 50,000*l.*, and he is invited to be struck with this result as a proof of the fidelity of the Government to the law of economy which it has laid down for itself in the face of the pressure of numerous interests competing for the assistance of the public purse. This law, or maxim, by the way, is stated in the rather ambiguous terms that no new expenditure ought to be sanctioned unless demanded by urgent necessity or by considerations of a high order. We should imagine that any Sovereign, or indeed any private person, who could always command funds, and only limited his outlay by the condition of finding considerations of a high order for every item, would be likely to spend with a tolerably open hand; but possibly the obedient majority of the Chamber may be deeply impressed by phrases which have so decided a flavour of orthodox economy. But, apart from the platitudes, all that they learn is that the expenses of the Government will be not less than 71,000,000*l.* They may also discover, in like manner, the minimum limit of the warlike outlay; but, until the extraordinary and supplemental budgets have run their course, they will have no means of guessing what the total cost of any branch of the service is likely to be. The one palatable bit of information is that the Government, while it retains the additional taxation already established by M. FOULD, will not ask for any new impost for the next year; but this announcement will scarcely awaken grateful surprise in the minds of those who remember that the loan of 12,000,000*l.* will add its due quota to the annual charge.

The essential emptiness of the budget statement could not, perhaps, be more strikingly shown than by noticing the special subjects of expenditure to which it is thought necessary to call attention. Of all the outlay of the French Empire, three items are specified as those which naturally call for the special attention of the Legislative body. One of these is a sum of about 13,000*l.*, set down as the estimated cost of the exhibition of works of living artists, and even this outlay it is anticipated will be reduced to about 6,000*l.* when the money taken at the doors is set off against it. Another item, of scarcely larger amount, for special religious purposes, and a sum of 24,000*l.* for additional telegraphs, complete the official list of important items in the new budget. Happy the country whose financial affairs are so well conducted as to leave it no room for anxious inquiry except as to the cost of a few telegraph poles, the expense of some religious services, or the possible loss on a public exhibition; and this, if we may trust the Ministerial exposition, is the delightful condition to which the French EMPEROR has brought a grateful and confiding people. The sentence with

which the financial statement concludes is perhaps the most important part of the whole document. It combines in an indefinite way a certain grave irony with a hazardous attempt to hoodwink the Opposition by apparent concessions. It is acknowledged (with undoubted correctness) that financial measures have always commanded the liveliest interest of the Legislative Body, and they are reminded of the dangerous truth that, through that channel, they are brought face to face with every branch of the service, and enabled to appreciate the direction impressed on public affairs. They are told that the budgets establish an intimate relation between the power that spends and the power that authorizes expenditure; and it is playfully suggested that such intimacy must needs lead to that unity of opinion and sentiment which is among the first conditions of national strength. M. GODELLE, who signs the document, has the courage to add that the financial control accorded to the Legislature is one of the most precious guarantees which the country possesses, and to invite an examination of this budget in the same severe and independent spirit which has been manifested in former years. It is possible that the invitation may be responded to as heartily as it is given.

CUI BONO?

BYRON introduced his contemporaries to the consideration of the great question whether the results of exertion were ever worth the trouble they cost; and although the question itself is as old as the oldest form of civilization, it appeared in a new form when Byron asked it, and received an answer which has satisfied the English world ever since. The Literature of Despair has since then flourished in France, but not in England. We find too much pleasure in exertion not to exert ourselves; and the creatures who took on themselves to despair were for the most part such a miserable, puny lot, that it was easy to grow exhausted of being in their company. The very connexion between the question *Cui bono?* and despair made the subject alien and distasteful to a nation that has practically no notion what despair means. As for sitting helplessly, hating mankind, pretending to have found out all women, and sinking into the slaves of vices which satiety has made hateful even to those who indulge in them, the whole process appears to Englishmen silly and unmeaning, and could never have had more than a temporary and accidental attractiveness. But Englishmen may see, if they like to look about them, that this is by no means the only way of asking *Cui bono?* and that the question may be put in a manner which raises many serious reflections. An Englishman, for example, goes to the East, and if he lights upon a part where the population is tolerably well off, he will find a passivity which he cannot understand at first, and which he despises, but the reasoning of which he cannot dispose of so easily as he expects. He wants, perhaps, to carry out some industrial project. Labour is plentiful around him, and he has plenty of money in his pocket; but, to his surprise, he cannot get people to work for him. The natives philosophically ask him *Cui bono?* They have all they want. They have clothing and food and shelter and tobacco. What can they want more? He replies, perhaps, that his money will give them the fire-water of civilized Europe, and that they may have the happiness of intoxication. They reply that they are as comfortable on water. He urges that it is a religious duty to work. They deny this; their priest or other spiritual guide tells them that they ought to be content with poverty, and that the poor are the nearest to Paradise. He insists that, if they will work more, their children will be better off and will rise in the world. They answer that what is good enough for them is good enough for their children, that their children will have all that man wants below, and that the greatest unkindness of which they could be guilty towards their children would be to teach them to be discontented. The Englishman, thoughtful and disappointed, smokes a philosophical pipe over this theory of life, and begins to own that, if it is always easy to ask *Cui bono?* it is sometimes very difficult to answer it.

But the Englishman need not go to Turkey to get puzzled. He may look much nearer home. There is rising up in this country a large number of young men who also ask *Cui bono?* England is very rich, and one consequence of a country being very rich in these days is, that there are many young men in it who have a competence, or at least enough to live on in a moderate way, and who have been educated enough to reflect calmly on human life. They observe the struggle that is going on around them, the rewards or exertion that are held out, and the cost at which these rewards are attained. They look, for example, at a business like that of a Manchester man with a small capital. That might, they think, be open to them. The reward they would get, if they sunk their money and occupied their time in such a business, would be that, if everything went well, they would come to live in a good-sized semi-detached villa a little way out of Manchester, in which they would give heavy dinners to other Manchester men of their own calibre, and would talk Manchester shop over their wine. In order to attain this reward, they must live in Manchester almost all the year round, must have their thoughts full of business from morning to night, and must bear the familiarity and

pleasantries of the Manchester gentlemen around them. After weighing both sides, they come to the conclusion that the advantages are not equal to the disadvantages. Or they examine the chances and prospects of such a profession as the Bar. They see what a successful barrister is, how he rises, and what he comes to. He gives up pleasant days and the best hours of long nights to reading a difficult and yet unsatisfactory subject. He attains at last the legal mind. He thinks a knowledge of *Smith v. Jones* one of the most interesting conquests of the human intellect. He goes sessions, and listens to the boyish or, what is more trying, the old-boyish pleasantries of a sessions mess. He hears the great secrets revealed as to the mode in which the favour of attorneys is supposed to be gained. For years he waits, lingering on, until at last he attains a position, and then he is worked until he knows nothing, believes in nothing, and thinks of nothing, but law. The philosophical and observant youth asks of this career *Cui bono?* What is the substantial advantage which compensates for all this drudgery, for this abandonment of the pleasures of life, of the opportunities of self-improvement, of the relinquishment of the open air, and of pleasant society and congenial books and men? The answer is not favourable, and so it comes to pass that young men of powers and of a fairly good position determine to stand on the bank and see the stream of successful life flow by. They see that on the one side is money and professional reputation and a share of worldly honour, and on the other is ease and the enjoyment of nature, of society, and of great authors; and, adding up the total on either side, they find, or think they find, that the gross product is larger on the side which declines an active career.

There are many persons, however, who, when the young philosophers ask *Cui bono?* would reply that active life has one advantage which counterbalances everything, for it has the advantage of enabling those who follow it to marry. The true prize of exertion is a wife. But the argument does not carry conviction to those to whom it is addressed. They survey marriage as they survey everything else, and they find that even the notion of getting a wife suggests the question *Cui bono?* What, they ask, does a man get out of marriage? He gets a companion, but then they urge that the same companion is not always very interesting, and that constant companionship often ends in petty differences. They survey married life, and they see that it involves the sacrifice of a large portion of time to the adjustment of a thousand household difficulties, and the unending discussion of a series of trivial incidents. It is not only that they see that the bachelor has more comfort, gets better dinners, can smoke better cigars, and is more free from the petty annoyances of a small household and inferior servants. These things have their weight, but they do not stand by themselves. The married man gives up things more precious than side-dishes and prime cigars. He gives up his leisure, his power of devoting himself to the subjects that interest him, and in a great measure his independence. As Talleyrand said, "*Ces pères de famille sont capables de tout.*" The world is an oyster which the married man, if poor, must open at any cost; and the prospect of this revolts a young man who is fastidious and fancy free. It is true that, if the philosophers suffered themselves to fall in love, they would be swept out of the safe shelter of their philosophies. No philosophical theories seem of much importance when to adhere to them is to give up a real living person who has become the object of a sincere love. But then, in the majority of cases, falling in love is an optional process. A young man more often falls in love because he wishes to marry, than wishes to marry because he has fallen in love. If a self-possessed and adroit young man can but command himself, and never let matters go beyond a vague and general flirtation, he need not fear what woman can do to him. It will not cost him much to remain heart-whole, and his philosophy enables him to see in young ladies nothing more than companions whom it is pleasant to be with, but easy to leave.

This theory of life is not likely to be very gratifying to most people in England. The young ladies especially may most naturally object to it. If it is difficult to answer *Cui bono?* with regard to a man's marrying, there can be no doubt as to the answer to *Cui bono?* about a woman's marrying. To a woman marriage is a gain which no philosophy can enable her to give up without a pang. Still, it is rather strong to say that any particular man is bound to marry, not for the sake of a definite young lady, but for the general satisfaction of all young ladies. Nor are the wider views of theorists about marriage incapable of some sort of refutation. We in England, in the middle of the nineteenth century, have set up an ideal of our own. Our ideal is that of a family man, with a good steady business. This is the hero both of our fiction and our theology. He it is whom sermons set before us as our model, and who is safe to marry the prettiest girl that the fancy of a novelist can devise. The family man, it must be observed, is not a mere complacent shopkeeper. English imagination soars far above that. The family man is to begin by finding an angel in the house; he is to fall properly and deeply in love with her; he is to discover in her the other half of his soul; he is to be purified, stimulated, and elevated by her presence. He is to be made complete and sound in his being by the imbibition of the feminine element. This is quite out of the shopkeeping line, and ought not to be confounded with it. But then he is to be clever and industrious, and anxious to give his dear angel the comforts she has been accustomed to in the Deanery from which he has taken her. He therefore works hard and successfully, and makes a fortune which enables him to keep a handsome table, at

which she presides with her accustomed grace. They are kind to the poor, have family prayers, and go punctually to church on Sundays. This is an ideal life, and a very good ideal it is. If it is not making the best of both worlds, we should like to know what is. But if it is asked, in plain language, whether everybody is under a plain indispensable moral obligation to make this ideal his own, we shrink from venturing on so enormous an assumption. We see how recent, how local, how dependent on a particular stage of wealth, and even on the existence of particular literary theories, this ideal is, and we hesitate to say that a man is doing wrong who does not want to marry a Dean's daughter, who prefers his house without an angel in it, and who is satisfied with a modest mutton chop ungraced by the countenance of a lady in full evening dress. It may also be said, on principles which Mr. Mill has made familiar, that a country gains by having in it a considerable class of persons who, without doing anything morally wrong, diverge in different ways from the ordinary standard of conduct, manners, and behaviour. It may even be morally useful to young ladies, and a salutary introduction to the realities of life, that they should be brought into contact with undeniably pleasant, well-dressed, affable young men who seem to be indifferent to angels altogether. It certainly indicates the existence of very commendable qualities when a man can calmly survey human existence, limit his aims, and determine to strive only for things which he deliberately settles to be worth striving for. The family man is often no more than a man who has no power of self-control, and who, if he fancies or is fancied by a young woman, cannot resist the inclination to follow out a pleasure that comes easily in his way. He is scarcely entitled to turn up his nose at his neighbours who have a little more strength of character when a similar temptation comes across them.

We do not, therefore, see that there is much in theory to object to a man who says that, having enough to live on, and as good a position in society as he cares for, he has answered *Cui bono?* in the negative, and determines to stay as he is. He may lead a profitable, a refined, and a happy life. But, practically, he runs a great risk; and experience may be said to show that the risk he runs is greater than that run by a man who marries and tries to get on. He is very apt to make his standard that of creature comforts, to turn his thoughts almost exclusively to sporting, dinners, and clothes. A man is a poor creature who thinks of nothing else; and if he removes himself from contact with the poor, and servants, and women and children, and all the people who do most and give most trouble in daily life, he is very likely to get feebler and narrower as he grows older, and at last to sink into the querulous indolence of a club *habitué*. Pitiable as the sight sometimes is of a man with great powers and fine feelings bowed down under married cares, made nervous and wretched by domestic troubles, and desponding and ashamed under the pressure of a burden he cannot shake off, it is, at the least, quite as pitiable to see the same man as he exhibits himself prowling about a club, weary of the dinners he cannot forego, hungering for the gossip he despises, and attempting to comfort himself and deceive others as to his own miserable situation by unlimited petty abuse of everything and everybody on earth, from the Club-beer up to the Christian religion. Our philosophers must also remember that it is very hard to spend time well when there is too much of it on hand. The man of leisure has often no leisure either for those studies which are worthy to occupy his hours if he is intellectual, or for those acts of considerate and systematic benevolence which are worthy to absorb the time of a man who can derive no profit from study. Any ideal is better than that of going sluggishly and comfortably from the cradle to the grave. It is true that most men, whether adhering to the paterfamilias theory or not, fall lamentably short of the ideals they set up; but the young *Cui bono* philosophers ought at least to have some ideal, and to set before themselves some purpose which shall give them self-control of a higher character than that of a dogged resolution to escape every kind of discomfort.

POVERTY.

SOME of the speculations upon the New Testament which have recently occupied public attention have dwelt, not so much upon the doctrinal questions which it involves, as upon the contrast which, in many points, it presents to the views upon morality that are current at the present day. There is no doubt that this contrast exists to a great degree. In some cases, and those the most important, the difference is simply to the discredit of modern society. In regard to them, it can only be said that we shall all be happier and better when these points of contrast have ceased to exist. But there are many of which no sufficient account can be given in this way. They have genuinely arisen from the changed social conditions of the Christian community, and the proportions which the difference has assumed are scarcely recognised. Take, for instance, that department of ethics which concerns the politician. Every educated man in England is more or less of a politician. Either formally or informally, by the votes he gives or by the opinion which he helps to form, every one has a share in the government of the nation, and is so far responsible for what the nation does. But no one dreams of conducting national affairs upon the principles which are prescribed to individuals. The meek and poor-spirited among nations are not considered to be blessed, and the common-sense of Christendom has always prescribed for national policy principles diametrically opposed to those

that are laid down in the Sermon on the Mount. And for this view there is a good reason, quite consistent with the utmost respect for the New Testament. Though the words used are general, there is nothing to intimate that the action of political bodies was contemplated at the time that they were uttered. What the writers of the New Testament would have written if they had undertaken to lay down moral precepts for the guidance of statesmen, or of those by whom statesmen are influenced, is open to conjecture. But, as a matter of fact, the case was not before them, and they never dealt with it. All their precepts apply to the circumstances of their immediate hearers; and no Christian in their day was likely to be a member of a free nation, influencing its policy by voice and vote. But though the cause is easily and satisfactorily explained, the resulting anomalies are sometimes curious. It often happens that religious men in large numbers support a war policy in some particular instance, in regard to which they have a full and a just conviction that they are right. But war means a wholesale system of killing, despoiling, and deceiving; and the lessons of morality which people hear in church must occasionally sound strange after they have just come from the perusal of an interesting account of a recent battle.

The moral value and effects of poverty form another point of difference, which concerns Christians of the present day in their private more than in their political capacity. The contrast here is not so much one of duties as of facts. Poverty, in the New Testament, is always treated as a condition favourable to religious excellence. It is throughout represented as involving the removal of temptations which hinder both the reception of truth and the practice of morality. It is difficult for an Englishman in the nineteenth century to believe that the human beings of whom this language was held could have belonged to the same species as the poor of whose vice and misery he reads now. Among us every chance is against the destitute, and if they attain to anything approaching to the morality prevalent among those who have enough to live upon, it is only in rare and exceptional cases, by dint of a very peculiar personal excellence. Excepting the faults of mere intellect, there is no crime, and scarcely any vice, to which the poorest have not more motive than those above them. If not the only portion of the community to whom crimes against life and property are likely to be profitable, it is only to them that the inducement is soon strengthened by the strong impulse of bodily want. They are drawn to profligacy and drunkenness by their very privations—by the wretchedness of their lodging and the scantiness of their fare; and there is no public opinion in their class to impose upon their passions the strong restraint under which their betters are often terrified into virtue. Of all the spiritual culture that lies beyond the mere rudiments of morality, their chance is less promising still. A life of wearing toil and care, and a condition of physical exhaustion, are not favourable to sustained spiritual effort, or to the culture of emotions that require constant support from meditation. The actual difficulties under which ministers of religion find themselves in attempting to labour among a class in the lowest social condition fully bear out what we should theoretically expect. Their common complaint is that it is hopeless to teach religion while pressing bodily wants are driving every other thought from the mind. In ancient times, the poor are recorded to have been eminently the most forward to receive the truth; in modern times, it is necessary that a district should be made tolerably comfortable before there is any hope that the clergyman can be successful. As a matter of history, it is notorious that Christianity forced its way up from being the religion of slaves and outcasts, to become the religion of the powerful and rich; but somehow it seems to have lost the power of forcing its way down again. "To the poor the Gospel is preached," was the old announcement. "Spiritual ministrations are unavailing in such-and-such a district while the inhabitants are so miserably poor," is the modern echo. Nor does the plea imply lukewarmness or insincerity on the part of those who urge it. It simply expresses a fact—a fact as difficult to account for as the fact that diseases have ceased to be inflammatory, and have become atonic—but still a fact. That capacity for an enthusiasm more powerful than any pressure of care, or toil, or want, which was possessed by the poor in other climates and ages, is wanting in our own. Ease of mind and body, or at least freedom from very extreme anxiety, appears to be, speaking generally, necessary for the successful growth of that kind of Christianity which we are capable of cultivating in this latitude. Just enough pressure and trial to develop energy, and not enough to absorb it, constitutes the condition of things in which the ideal of ordinary English Christianity may be expected to flourish; and that condition is not the condition of the poor. And then wealth brings with it all the advantages of education, refinement, and respect for public opinion, against which poverty has nothing to offer as a set-off. The kind of religious excellence which is fostered by such influences is not perhaps of the most exalted kind. It is sturdy, thick-set, and somewhat phlegmatic, and has none of the charms, nor, perhaps, of the merits, which belong to the more graceful and impassioned kinds. But it is the species which is best suited to our soil and sky, and, on a large scale at least, we can produce no other.

The progressive deterioration of people who are going down in the world is a phenomenon which most persons have had cause to notice in the circle of their acquaintance; and it illustrates the same contrast between the moral effects of poverty in old time and in our days. If money were the hindrance to holiness now that it certainly was eighteen hundred years ago, we should always,

or at least usually, remark an improvement of character in proportion as the impediment was being removed. But the reverse is in fact the case. A whole tribe of special vices seem to attend a falling fortune. Temper, self-respect, and often integrity, are apt to be damaged in precise proportion as the snare of riches is moved away. Of course this is due to the very commercial character of our social standard. The banker's balance has a great deal more to do than either vice or virtue in determining the respect a man shall receive from others, and therefore in determining the respect he shall receive from himself. But this must have been the case, more or less, in every community since the world was; and it certainly was quite as true of Rome in the time of Claudius as of London in the nineteenth century. No other conclusion remains than that the standard type of religion then was an influence of a very different sort of power from that to which we attach the name now. It must have been a moral force so powerful that it could do without the aids of education and public opinion, and could work in spite of the distracting influences of poverty. We can see few traces of any such force now existing in such power as to operate upon large masses of men. We manage to keep up a certain standard of practical morality by leaning against each other, like tired horses going up a hill. But the ardour which could enable average minds to act in perfect disregard of external influences either never was possible in such a climate as this, or it has passed away. Exceptional cases of course there are and have been, of individuals who have reached to a far higher standard. The force of character, native or acquired, will, in special cases, belie any inductions as to the tendency of any particular generation. But, speaking of average men, external circumstances possess a mastery over the development of human character which, if they had possessed it eighteen hundred years ago, would have prevented Christianity from ever making its way in the world.

VANITY.

JOHNSON defines Vanity as a petty sort of pride, but, if we could get at the bottom of it, there is a fundamental distinction in our minds between Pride and Vanity which this definition does not reach. From the very starting-point, the manifestations of the two are different. It is not merely that vanity is a slighter and more trivial thing than its grand ally, but that it is stimulated by different causes; and, moreover, the external senses have far more direct concern in it. Probably our modern complexity of thought tends to increase this divergence, as it may have created the necessity for the newer word. Pride, in primitive times, was perhaps more visibly stuck up than it commonly is now-a-days, and showed its haughty spirit in more straightforward fashion. People have now learned to feed their pride at home, without betraying Haman's anguish at the omission of some formal act of respect. Our march of mind gives to pride a hundred new fields; and where it would be petty and frivolous it shows itself in conceit rather than vanity, and conceit can even face a multitude and keep some sort of self-control. But vanity, as it seems to us, retains in our own complex days all the marks that distinguished it in primitive times, and has not altered one whit in quality, though it may in name, from the date of Solomon's Proverbs or *Æsop's* Fables. It is set as completely agog by notice, and as readily loses its head, as before men read and wrote and made a business of thinking. Vanity is the simplest emotion, and is compounded of the fewest parts, of any sentiment in our nature, and, if withheld by no adverse temperament, will take the most direct ways to its indulgence. It is solely a desire to occupy men's eyes and ears—assuming, without doubt or speculation, that to occupy them is in the same proportion to win approval. But the approval is not so much the mark specially aimed at—that is taken for granted. It is the possession of eye and ear—possession of eye perhaps more than ear, as the form of notice easiest to realize and more brimming full of intoxicating ingredients. Madeline Smith keenly enjoyed the period of her trial, though her life was at stake, because she absorbed an immense amount of eager gazing. We have only to look at some men to become aware that there is a rapturous pleasure to certain natures in merely moving, dancing, mincing, tripping, cutting capers before an attentive multitude. We see this now and then in children. They make mouths and gesticulate under the excitement of many eyes, and especially fresh eyes, resting on them—not in awkward shyness, but in the unrestrained enjoyment of a sensation that will, their whole lives long, bring delirium with it. It is this thrill and impetus infused by the presence and witness of numbers—this joy of doing and performing under the convergence of many eyes—which makes some writers boldly class vanity among the virtues, as being the parent of so many noble deeds. And no doubt a vast proportion of acts of greatest daring have had this stimulus, and a good many of them would not have been performed without it; and the same may still more confidently be said of the self-tortures of asceticism. To set out on a forlorn hope without anybody knowing it, to sacrifice your life for your country, to endure voluntary physical pain in the dark, unseen and unrecognised, is a heroism of duty of which even England must not expect too much from her sons—certainly not religion, or so-called religion, from her votaries. Such phrases as "a world's," or "a nation's," or "a church's eyes" go for a great deal with some people, taken, as they are, to have a literal meaning; and the world shows a shrewd notion of their value as a motive force by the fulsome way in which it lavishes them. However, it proves

very little to say that the majority of signal acts of courage would not have been done in solitude and obscurity, for other influences beside vanity do their work through publicity and daylight; but nevertheless we believe that vanity, in its simple form, will be found a characteristic of romantic courage and conspicuous achievement. Nelson is known to have enjoyed in a very marked degree the pleasure of being seen and talked of; and there is a story of Buonaparte, in all the glory of his early victories, being visibly offended when a vast assembly simultaneously turned their eyes from him for a moment to look at a beautiful woman.

If vanity of this sort is not a virtue, it is at any rate a weakness which is frequently found an attendant on active virtue: and it is so far constitutional and beyond a man's entire control as not to deserve to be called more than an infirmity. Mr. Simeon was a prey to this constitutional vanity. Constantly as it was fed in legitimate ways, by popularity and success, it must yet satisfy itself by little extraneous methods of attracting attention beyond what the pulpit would furnish, at least with his devout sense of the preacher's office. It betrayed him into ridiculous gestures when he found himself the centre of many eyes, especially under the worship of female admirers. He has been thus described as comporting himself, the one man among forty women who had put together for his inspection a pile of frippery needlework, which was in some way or other to aid in converting the Jews; and every one at all familiar with his manner admitted the justness of the portrait:—

Immediately upon his entrance, perceiving the display of fancy articles on the table, with almost literally a hop, skip, and jump he darted towards them, and gazing enraptured first on one then on another—smiling, nodding, and seeming to me more as if he were performing the part of Grimaldi in a pantomime than anything else—at length took up a pair of baby's shoes, held them before his eyes, smiled at them, nodded at them, laid them down, then sighed profoundly, and then sat down with his hand before his face.

It may not be always well to give prominence to the failings of good men; but such instances have a twofold significance. If they lower a distinguished name, they teach us to be lenient to native vanity wherever we see it tempted by circumstances and flattery, or indulged to its topmost bent by a mercurial temperament. The excitement which some people find in a crowd, the longing which it creates to be observed, to do something striking to attract attention, the brisk elation of spirits and absolute self-confidence which the position inspires, is, we see, a thing for which a man is hardly responsible. People are probably not aware of the effect of having many eyes upon them till the trial comes. Most persons are sheepish under the ordeal, but some literally rise to the occasion, like one of the beauties of the last century, who, on being recognised in a crowded theatre by a burst of applause, stood up in her box to be looked at. When Rousseau, in the full bloom of his celebrity, was in England, he went to see Garrick act. It was known he was to be there, and the house was crowded to see him. Rousseau was "highly gratified," but Mrs. Garrick, who sat by him, afterwards reported to her friends that she had never passed a more uncomfortable evening, for the reclusive philosopher was so very anxious to display himself, and hung so far forward over the front of the box, that she was obliged to hold him by the skirt of his coat that he might not fall over into the pit.

We doubt if vanity can help showing itself. If its displays are kept under, it is because the thing itself is subdued; but while it is there, it will work miracles in order to be seen under an aspect that satisfies itself—like the female convict who, to the amazement of her warders, succeeded in extending her lank penitential prison garments over an every-day newly-extemporized crinoline. But just as the crinoline would not have fed her vanity if it had been a permitted luxury, so we think that vanity is scarcely nourished, and certainly is not satisfied, by any amount of notice that comes naturally in the way of a person's calling, business, or duty. Great folks—the very greatest, decked out in all that fine clothes and jewels can do for them, and inevitably conscious of being the centre of many thousand eyes—are not made vain by being stared at; perhaps a good deal because the gravity or dignity of the occasion absolutely forbids any freedom of expression, or the display of any personal characteristics. Whenever personages of highest degree have been possessed by the spirit of vanity, they have always indulged in it, from Nero downwards, by some wholly gratuitous exhibition of themselves. Like Bottom, they must needs prove that they can play every part. And this it is that so often makes the freaks of vanity pass for condescension, if not for positive humility. There is nothing some men will not do, no office they will not undertake, to be looked at. The sight of others gaining attention or applause, in whatever arena, stimulates to a rival performance. Thus actors, singers, and dancers can probably go through their parts to perfection, and retain their reason and self-possession, while the applause lavished upon them awakens in some excitable looker-on a frenzied craving for their clappings and encores. The check of duty—of a work to be got through—is the great subduer; and the vainest are not so vain or so ridiculous in their appointed sphere as in their gratuitous displays. To the observer, vanity of this pure type is always a moving spectacle. To see a person divested of all that fear and mistrust of his fellow-creatures and of the hundred conflicting influences that rule and sadden most of us, and artlessly expanding under the sunshine of our gaze, toiling and perspiring for our applause, eager to show himself off in every character, grasping at distinction in every field, and longing for everybody's laurels, reminds us of childhood and innocence, and flatters,

too, our self-esteem as the dispensers of the one meed which is above all price. However, this last soon fails to satisfy. Once secure in the fancied possession of your applause, vanity wants something beyond. It is never content with what it has, but, like Alexander, it cries for other worlds to conquer. It is always labouring to enlarge the circle of notice—in fact, preferring the latest adherent to all others, and the possible one to him. Once know your admirer, and his prestige lessens. The people we do not know are not better, grander, more appreciative than the people we do know; but they are vaguer, and it is possible to endow them in imagination with an ideal enthusiasm, a larger apprehension of our merits. Thus vanity is one of constancy's greatest enemies, from the preference it has for new homage over the old, for hope and desire over fruition. It cannot fan its flame to any height in familiar scenes, or among old acquaintance. A man's wife and the domestic circle may encourage it and keep it going, but only by instilling the notion of a large and ever-growing popularity and interest out of doors. No vain person is satisfied with even the worship of the people he knows best. All this is, to his impatient aspirations, mere neglect and obscurity. Thus biographers tell us of popular preachers who have been much more excited by a paragraph in a newspaper than by churches crowded by parishioners—the corner of a provincial paper representing the outer, unknown, and therefore fascinating and tempting world.

As vanity is always thinking of self, it follows, being the transparent thing it is, that it always and exclusively talks of self, and brings everything round to self. And this is its really intolerable characteristic. The vain man may flourish himself before our eyes in whatever aspects he pleases, and our temper remains serenely indulgent. It is the extreme tension in which he holds our civility while we have to listen that is the real trial. It is the "insufferable proximity" of a being who, in the vast world of interests, and in the presence of our particular interests, will hold us inexorably fixed to the concerns, the acts, and the sayings of his own vain and puffed-up self.

It is a touching circumstance that the vanity of a considerable proportion of mankind can find its indulgence solely through their clothes. Through these alone can they taste the intoxication of general notice, or believe themselves the cynosure of the eyes that compose their world. It is a proof of vanity's indiscriminating appetite that it is as perfectly satisfied with this partnership as it shows itself to be. No one believes in being really and substantially more beautiful for his or her clothes. In fact, it is a sort of humbleness to put faith in them—a confession that our distinction is not independent or wholly intrinsic. If a typically vain person could, with the assent of society, dispense entirely with this foreign aid, and stand solely on his own merits, he would much rather do so. As it is, in assemblies where, as at a masquerade, choice is permitted, it is often the vainest person that wears the scantiest and the fewest. Witness that Carthaginian heroine whose white feet dazzled the Parisian world not long since. But, with the common run of people, fine clothes are the readiest means—often the only means that occur to their simplicity—for winning admiration, envy, and, above all, notice. When the beautiful Duchess of Queensbury walked in a coronation procession in garments of an ostentatious plainness, it showed that she transcended this raw simplicity. It was a vanity in excess of the vulgar standard which made her discard her ornaments. She matched her face and form in dowdy attire against all that art and splendour could do for meaner beauties, and, even thus weighted, felt secure of winning the day.

There is such a connexion between that need of expression which makes men authors—involving, as this does, the further need of sympathetic hearers—and the craving for notice and admiration which we call vanity, that it is no wonder that many authors, and especially many poets, have been called vain, and that the demand for sympathy is found to slide into a thirst for applause in an exclusive jealous sense. There is a decided difference between wanting what you say to be approved and admired, and wanting to be approved and admired because you say it; but it is a difference easily spanned. Mr. Landor says that all poets are vain, and that it does not do to praise before a poet any verses but his own, and Mr. Landor, we suspect, has never had far to go to verify this statement; but this form of vanity—the consequence of a morbid sensitiveness to praise and blame which is almost inseparable from some forms of mental effort—has not much in common with the thick-skinned, jubilant, obtrusive quality which we take vanity in its simpler development to be. Few persons have the opportunity of judging for themselves whether the great masters of song are really affected by this weakness, or are merely slandered by disappointed rivals, or misunderstood by duller men; but every society has some signal specimen of that Vanity which is gross and easy to understand, and whose aims and course of action are alike intelligible.

GEOGRAPHY.

WE have heard a story of two men looking at the same time at the Wye at Monmouth. "Does this river run far up the country?" asks one of them. "It does not run up anywhere," is the answer he gets, "it runs down into the Severn." "No, I don't mean that; where does it run up to?" At that moment a less stern asserter of the law of gravitation joined the pair, and assured the inquirer that the Wye ran up to Plinlimmon. With this

piece of information he went on his way rejoicing. Now it may be that in this case the accurate man was a little too hard upon the inaccurate one; for it does not follow from his inaccuracy of expression that he seriously believed that rivers run up from the sea into the hills. Still the inaccuracy of expression points to a real confusion of thought. To talk of a river running up the country is not a conventionally recognised expression, like that of the sun rising and setting. In the latter case, though we know the scientific truth to be otherwise, we find it convenient to speak of things as they appear to our senses. But in the case of the river, science and the senses agree. There are rivers, especially in the Midland counties, which sometimes leave us in doubt which way they are going, but no one could ever have persuaded himself that he saw a Welsh or Devonshire stream running up towards the hills. The matter is one on which no one could go wrong who stopped to think for a single moment. Yet we believe that that single moment of thought is not always given. Though people know, they do not always realize that rivers run downwards and not upwards. The phrase of going up a river sometimes makes people forget that, though they are going up, the river is coming down. And a superficial way of using maps helps the confusion. Rivers, as they are drawn, look almost as much like divergent veins as convergent streams. There is also sometimes a confusion between the top of the map and the tops of the hills. It is difficult to realize that the top and bottom of the map are purely conventional, and that the map might be, as some old maps are, just as well turned any other way. The Seine and the Trent, though not the Wye, thus assume a certain superficial look of running upwards, which is quite enough to increase the confusion.

The truth is that there is no sort of subject about which people in general are so utterly ignorant as about geography, because there is no subject which is commonly taught in so imperfect a way. Physical and political geography are jumbled up together, and each of the two is divorced from its natural companions. Physical geography is a matter of one's own eyes, and, in a country at all favourable for the purpose, it is best learned in the open air. The map is not a substitute, but a help; it is a guide, like the plan of an elaborate building, which tells you where to look for this and that detail, which gives you a clearer idea of the general design and proportion, but which cannot supply the place of personal inspection. Political geography is simply a branch of history, and is utterly meaningless unless studied alongside of the facts of history. Either branch, studied rightly—and neither is studied rightly when it is studied apart from the other—is a study of fascinating interest. But geography, as it is commonly taught, is the dullest of lessons. The Latin grammar, compared to it, is as good as a novel. The child is set to learn a string of names, to which it attaches no sort of idea, and to many of which there is really no idea to be attached. The whole thing is a thing of names, and one name is held to be as important as another. Not to know the capital of Cochin China is as great an offence as not to know the capital of Spain. No difference is made between a boundary imprinted by the hand of nature and a boundary formed by the last treaty and ready to be altered by the next. No attempt is made to connect the study with either the facts of history or the operations of nature. We well remember a large family of children living in one of the most glorious regions of our island. Before their home, under their eyes all day long, lay sea, rivers, islands, peninsulas, mountains in one direction, busy towns in another. We told them that they had a rare place for a geography lesson. The idea seemed to them utterly unintelligible. They knew geography only as a thing in the geography book. It had never come into their heads or the heads of their teachers that the best way to grasp the idea of an island or a promontory was to go out of doors and look at one. They knew east and west on the map, but they hardly knew east and west in the heavens above them. They knew London perfectly well on the map, but to point in the direction of London was a feat which had never occurred to them as possible.

Probably this was an extreme case alike in the richness of opportunities and in the utter waste of them. All people have not such chances of learning, and all people do not tread such chances as they have so utterly under foot. But we fear that most of us sin more or less in the same way. All have not the same advantages; a man who lives in Gloucestershire or Glamorganshire has greater light, and therefore greater responsibilities, than one who is condemned to spend all his days at Market Harborough. But most of us can do something. It is possible, at least with the aid of a microscope, to see which way the Nen or the Welland flows; and the flattest lands of all have an incidental advantage of their own. If you live in the Isle of Ely, it increases your faith in the earth's roundness to see the tower of the Minster come and go out of sight just in the same way as a ship at sea. But doubtless those who dwell inland must trust more to their books and less to their eyes than the dwellers by the sea or the great rivers. We remember a scholar who changed his abode from Northamptonshire to Gloucestershire, saying that, while he lived in a midland county, all he read about Lombardy and Bulgaria—the vale of the Po and the vale of the Danube—was mere words to him. But as soon as he mounted the Cotswolds and saw the vale of the Severn, the words were at once clothed with a meaning. We say that so much depends upon where people live, because it is there that people form their habits of observing or not observing. A man who merely visits a picturesque country incidentally will not make

the most of it in the same way as one who habitually studies it. No doubt people get dead to the beauties and advantages of their own neighbourhood, but that is because they do not choose to use them. But a man who lives in a fine country and makes the most of it has an opportunity of cultivating habits of observation which a dweller in a less favoured region has not. Still all can do something, and he who makes the most of such advantages as he has at home will be better able to make the most of the greater things he may come across in his travels.

It is certainly singular, when we think that everybody is, in some sort or other, taught geography in his childhood, that so few people seem to have any practical knowledge of the subject. Look at people in ordinary travelling, whether at home or abroad. Those who have any sort of notion where they are seem to be quite the exception. The average passenger appears equally unconscious of the physical direction in which he is going and of the artificial divisions through which he passes. Those who know the points of the compass seem to be a minority. Go to a station—not, indeed, to one of those stations where the trains systematically set out in an opposite direction to that in which they are in the end to run, but to a simple intelligible junction, like Swindon. We should like to know what proportion of the passengers could tell, simply by the direction in which it is going, whether a train was bound for London, Bristol, or Gloucester. It was doubtless an extreme case when an old lady, somewhere near Farringdon Road, asked if she were near Coventry; and it was not a highly educated person who, passing Oxford in the winter, asked whether there was not a great deal of smuggling there. The only explanation of this last mysterious question is that the floods suggested the idea of the sea. But perhaps most wonderful of all, as combining with ignorance and carelessness a sort of perverted ingenuity almost unparalleled, was a case which lately occurred on the Bristol and Exeter Railway. A comfortable, well-to-do man, seemingly a traveller by profession, who by his own account spends yearly 150*l.* on the railway, takes a ticket from Exeter to Wells. He is whirled by the Highbridge Junction, and does not find out his mistake till he reaches Weston-super-mare. Brought back to Highbridge by another train, he relieves himself by storming at the station-master and his underlings. When it is mildly set before him that a large board at Highbridge pointed out the Junction for Glastonbury and Wells—"How should he know that that meant the city of Wells? There might be hot springs at Glastonbury."

There are some geographical delusions which it seems almost impossible to root out, as that Chamouni is in Switzerland and that Bristol is on the Severn. It is also a painful fact, that the great mass of the rising youth of England, of her future clergy, magistrates, and lawyers, may never hear either of Hungary or of Savoy. Perhaps in these cases modern maps may be in some degree the cause of ignorance. With such maps as we generally get, it is no wonder if the politics of central Europe are to most people an inexplicable puzzle. Those European Powers which have territory both within and without the limits of Germany seem to be the standing difficulty of map-makers. In a last-century map you see Germany marked as a whole. It has Hungary to the east, it has Denmark, bounded by the Eyder, to the north; Prussia either joins it to the north-east or is quite isolated, according as the map is later or earlier than the first partition of Poland. Now this, in a sense, is perfectly accurate. It marks, as one whole, the kingdom of Germany—the lands held in fee of the Emperor, the lands bound by the resolutions of the Imperial Diet. It thus puts before you a great political fact. But it entirely puts out of sight certain other political facts no less important—namely, that the sovereigns of Prussia, Hungary, and Denmark held large possessions within the limits of the German Kingdom. It looks odd, in a map of Europe in the time of Frederick of Prussia, to see no hint that Berlin and Silesia had anything whatever to do with Prussia. Modern maps run out in quite the other extreme. They show you a Denmark which includes Lauenburg; a Prussia, in two pieces, stretching from France to Russia; an Austria—a word modestly excluded from the elder map—marching on Switzerland at the one hand and on Moldavia on the other. The name of Germany is left to an odd-shaped region, like a head and body connected by a long narrow neck, consisting in fact of all those German States which do not belong to any of the three amphibious Powers. This plan sets clearly before you the extent of the territories possessed by the Kings of Prussia and Denmark and by the so-called "Emperor" of Austria. But it does this at the expense of ignoring the fact that there is such a thing as Germany, that Germany has, for some purposes, a united political being, and that part of the territories possessed by the three princes spoken of lie within the limits of Germany and part without them; at the expense of suggesting the idea that Saxony stands in no relation at all to Brandenburg, and in a closer relation to Hanover than it really does; at the expense of ignoring the facts that Austria is of right a German Archduchy and Hungary an independent Kingdom. The change in the position of these countries between the eighteenth and the nineteenth century is undoubtedly considerable, but the map suggests changes infinitely greater than those which have happened. It suggests the utter wiping out of Germany, or the confining of the name to a small portion of its extent, instead of a change from a Kingdom to a Confederation which, after all, is more nominal than real. Lax as is the tie which unites the members of the Confederation, it is hardly laxer than that which united the members of the Kingdom. If the limits of

the Kingdom deserved (as they did) to be clearly marked on the map, the limits of the Confederation deserve it equally. It is of course difficult clearly to mark the extent of the Prussian, Austrian, and Danish—we might add Dutch—dominions, and at the same time to mark the extent of a Confederation which includes part of them but not all. The thing is difficult, but by some care in the use of cross-colouring it may be done. We have known the difficulty felt by inquiring children in comparing maps of the two periods—maps which sometimes suggested the portentous, but really not unnatural, theory that Hungary had conquered a large part of Germany and then changed its name to Austria. The young gentlemen who never heard of Savoy and Hungary have hardly been reduced to such straits, for the simple reason that they have never thought at all about it. The smuggling at Oxford and the hot springs at Glastonbury—which last, we believe, really do exist—point to a state of mind, if not more enlightened, at any rate more inquiring.

EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW

WE have more than once expressed our opinions on the Townley case, and have no present intention of returning to it; but the view which was taken of it in its supposed connexion with Wright's case—not only by the crowd who, after subscribing and agitating to obtain a commutation of the sentence on Wright, applauded him on his appearance on the scaffold, but by many other persons who might have viewed the matter more reasonably—suggests some singular conclusions as to the popular way of thinking and feeling on such subjects. The facts were that two persons, a Manchester clerk out of place and a labourer, committed murder—the one upon a young lady to whom he was engaged, the other upon his mistress. Each was sentenced to death—one upon his own deliberate confession, the other after a fair trial. The Manchester clerk's friends were fortunate enough to be put in the way of getting a certificate, required by an obscure Act of Parliament, which, as the Secretary of State considered, compelled him to respite the execution of the sentence. The labourer's friends signed petitions and begged his life as a favour, which the Secretary of State refused to grant, as he had also refused to accede to similar petitions in favour of Townley. Thus the one man was hung and the other saved. Upon this the public declare that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, and that the escape of Townley—the wrongful escape, as they put it—made it unjust to hang Wright. In short, they repeated, without knowing it, the sentiments of George III., who said that if Dodd was pardoned the Perreaus—two other persons then lately executed for the same offence—were murdered. This impression must be very natural, for it is continually made by such contrasts; but it rests on a singular confusion of thought, and proves that the opinions of men in general are regulated much more by association than by reasoning.

In the first place, the view of the facts is singularly heated and distorted. Townley was rich in no invidious sense. Much of the language about him would have implied that he was a young and insolent aristocrat, the heir to large estates and a noble name. He was, in fact, a clerk out of place, entirely dependent on his family, and possessed in all of some 3*l.* or 4*l.* It is true he had friends who found funds for his defence. But so had Wright. A considerable sum was subscribed to pay the expenses connected with the petition on Wright's behalf. The counsel for the prosecution promoted it to the utmost of his power. Magistrates and members of Parliament made every exertion in his favour. It was not for want of friends or money that he was hung, but for want of an appropriate section in an out-of-the-way Act of Parliament. There was money enough to pay the doctor's bill, but it was not laid out in the right draught. Townley's friends got more for their money than Wright's, but that was because they were better advised, not because they paid a higher price. Even if Wright had been entirely friendless, and had been executed without any effort being made to save him, no one could consistently have used the rich-and-poor topic who was not prepared to go all lengths in communism. Legal advice is bought and sold like other things, and a man who is able to buy it is in the same position with respect to one who is not as a man who is able to pass the winter at Madeira is in relation to one who is obliged to stay at home. When a poor man dies of consumption, which his richer neighbour avoids by a winter in a warm climate, do people talk of one law for the rich and another for the poor? The case is precisely the same where one man is hung because he cannot afford to pay a lawyer to tell him of the advantages which the law gives him, whilst another escapes by the use of those advantages. There is the same law for the rich and for the poor, but it is monstrous to say that there ought to be the same lawyers. Ought there to be the same doctors, the same artists, the same tailors, butchers and bakers? In a word, ought there to be an equal division of all the conveniences of life between all mankind? If not, where is the line to be drawn?

This, however, is only one side of the confusion which appears to fill many minds upon this subject. There is another which is at least equally worthy of notice. A clerk out of place kills a lady and is let off—say unjustly, or even corruptly. A labourer kills his mistress in his own rank of life and is hung. If this is a case of one law for the rich and another for the poor, it is a case in

which the poor get the best of it. The rich and the poor are viewed as two distinct and more or less hostile classes, and their treatment is contrasted. The murderer of the rich woman escapes. The murderer of the poor woman is punished. This is a strange way of favouring the rich. Such a cry as the one under consideration really proceeds upon the assumption that the administration of justice is a bad thing, that it is not desirable that men should be hung for murder, and that, when a man who by law ought to be hung is allowed to escape, his escape is a favour to the class to which he belongs. The more this is considered the more apparent it will become. If the public, or that part of the public which cried out about the rich and the poor, had fully and cordially approved of the law, if they had felt that its administration really was a public benefit, they would have been consoled instead of being aggrieved by Wright's execution. They would have said—Townley, it is true, has got off, but at all events Wright has been hung. Suppose that the case had been one in which the benefit was obvious and unquestionable. An officer and a common soldier are retreating before a superior force of the enemy. They defend themselves heroically. The whole army is interested in their safety. Help arrives just in time to save the officer, but not in time to save the soldier. Would any one regret the officer's safety, or wish that, as one was to die, both might? Any one who did so would be considered the most envious and ungenerous of men. Why is the case different with regard to the administration of justice? Surely it is as important that life should be protected as that a soldier in danger should be rescued. If people were allowed to cut each other's throats with impunity, society would be at an end. The garrotting panic last year was an impressive, though certainly not a dignified, proof of the importance which people attach to the prevention of crime, and of the terror with which they view any real or even any supposed relaxation in the efficiency of the criminal law. Once let an impression get abroad that murder was coming to enjoy anything approaching to impunity, and a panic would be created of which it is barely possible to form any idea. This being so, it ought to be regarded as a public misfortune that any man justly convicted of a crime should not suffer the punishment awarded by law to that crime. Now, the popular cry about Wright did not deny the justice of his sentence, nor did it proceed upon the principle that capital punishment ought to be abolished. If it had not been for Townley's case, Wright's would probably have attracted no attention. It is clear, therefore, that those who raised the cry cared little for the administration of justice. They cannot have regarded it as a positive benefit that the law should be carried out in every case if possible, but at all events in as many cases as possible. If they had, they would have felt that half a loaf is better than no bread, and that having unjustly permitted one man to escape is no more a reason for unjustly permitting the escape of another than having unjustly executed one man is a reason for unjustly executing another. Did the remonstrants ever ask themselves where they meant to stop? A gets off unjustly—therefore pardon B, who, about the same time, is justly condemned. Are we, a month hence, to pardon C on account of the escape of A and B? If so, are we to go on indefinitely?—if not, where are we to stop? The argument, reduced to form, would have to be—One man was once unjustly pardoned, therefore let no man ever be executed again. Why should not this apply to imprisonment as well as to the punishment of death? One man was once corruptly released from prison, therefore throw open the doors of every gaol in England.

These considerations sufficiently prove that it is impossible to throw the outcry about Wright and Townley into a reasonable shape, and that the proper course is to consider every case entirely on its merits with reference to the established law of the land and without reference to other cases. The agitation, however, conveyed an instructive and by no means unimportant lesson. It showed how slow the great bulk of men are, even of instructed men, to learn to take a reasonable view of things. Not one person in a hundred, perhaps not one in a thousand, sets himself to think out his own views and see what they really come to. The thoughts of a vast majority of the human race appear to depend almost entirely upon association and passion. Probably very few of the petitioners in favour of Wright seriously considered what the public interest in the matter was. They all seem to have felt the existence of a contrast which shocked their habitual associations and ways of thought. Here is a rich man (or one whom we choose to call so) well off, and a poor man ill off. We are, as a rule, obliged to submit to the distinction between rich and poor. We are, on the whole, disposed to live peaceably under the law of the land; but we do not really like it. In the bottom of our hearts we have a lurking feeling that things are not rightly arranged, that the poor get a great deal the worst of the bargain; that the law is a rough expedient, a questionable advantage, a harsh tutor whom we cannot do without, but who abuses his position often and seriously; and when these feelings are forced to the surface by any unusually vivid contrast, we exclaim against it, although—almost because—our complaints imply principles inconsistent with the existing state of things. The crowd like a criminal to be pardoned, just as schoolboys like to get a half-holiday. The boys, no doubt, go to school to learn lessons, and by reason of the half-holiday they get fewer lessons than they otherwise would have got; but they feel that the schoolmaster will do teaching enough, and for

once they like to get a pull in the other direction. Extra weeks at Eton are viewed in very different lights by parents and scholars, but if people are to share in legislating for a great nation they ought at least to understand the parent's view of the subject. Such complaints as those made against Wright's execution are really vents for the secret dissatisfaction of which people are obscurely conscious, though they do not usually act upon it. For practical purposes, and in common cases, they like the utilitarian view of things. If a magistrate were to dismiss John Smith with a lecture for being drunk and disorderly, public sentiment would not require him to take the same course with Jones and Brown and Thompson. He would be blamed for unwise leniency in the first case, but not for what would be felt to be necessary strictness in the remainder. Every one feels that a noisy fellow ought to be locked up, and lose a day or two's wages. Capital punishment is seldom viewed in this light. Few minds do, in point of fact—as all reasonable minds ought—dwell on its expediency, and calmly approve its infliction on that ground. The mass of men view the gallows with a feeling compounded of superstitious awe and shuddering aversion, and look upon the execution of a murderer as something different in kind from a five-shilling fine. They do not quite know what to think of it, and therefore they do not think in a consistent, manly way, but drift about, catching at one sentiment or another as it happens, and putting forward requests which could be granted only upon principles which those who make them have not the least intention of asserting.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.

AS ladies are not generally in the habit of reading the law reports in the newspapers, many of them may be unacquainted with the full extent of the legal privileges of their sex. The cases heard in Chancery are, for the most part, far more unintelligible and dreary to the lay reader of either gender than cases heard in any other Court, and therefore it may be assumed that a late discussion of considerable public interest before the Lords Justices has scarcely attracted any except professional attention. The principle upon which this discussion proceeded was, that if husband and wife become separated through the husband's fault, the husband is liable for necessities supplied to the wife; and in the category of necessities the law, under certain circumstances, will include proceedings by the wife for a divorce. There are cases in the books of actions successfully brought against husbands by hotel-keepers, jobmasters, milliners, and other tradesmen, for alleged necessities supplied to wives who had quitted the marital roof. In some of these cases, the question was whether the articles supplied were necessities; in others the question was as to the circumstances of the separation. In one case, the wife had exhibited articles of peace against the husband. The object of this proceeding being protection from future violence, it was held that such protection was a necessary, and therefore the husband was liable to pay the bill of costs of the attorney employed by the wife. In another case, the wife had proceeded by indictment against the husband, and here the Court considered that the object of an indictment was not protection against future, but vengeance for past, violence; and vengeance, however great a luxury, not being in the opinion of the Court a necessary, it was held that the husband was not liable to pay the attorney's bill. This case was by no means free from difficulty; for it was forcibly contended that punishment of the husband for past violence would deter him from offering violence in future, and therefore that a proceeding by indictment was as much a necessary of life as a proceeding by articles of peace. In another case, which is rather a curiosity than a precedent, the wife had resorted, as a means of support after separation from her husband, to keeping a house for an immoral purpose. Being indicted for the offence of keeping such a house, it was considered that the legal expense of her defence was a necessary for which her husband was bound to pay. There is one feature of all these cases which may appear to a layman extraordinary—namely, that the foundation of the action is a supposed authority given by the husband to the wife to contract for necessities in his name. If the husband turns the wife out of his house, or compels her by threats or violence to quit it, the law considers that he makes her his agent to supply herself with the means of living in peace and safety somewhere else. By a further application of the same principle, if the rejected or maltreated wife proceeds against the husband for a divorce, it is held that a suit which the husband perhaps resists to his utmost power has been so far authorised by him as to make him liable for his wife's costs of prosecuting it. This is theoretically the doctrine of the Courts of Common Law and the Court of Chancery, but in the Ecclesiastical Courts the same doctrine received practical effect by a rule compelling the husband from time to time, as a suit against him proceeded, to pay money into court towards his wife's costs. This practice has been adopted by the Divorce Court, with the improvement that a sum sufficient to cover the whole of the probable amount of the wife's costs is required to be paid in by the husband as soon as the suit against him is instituted, instead of taking it, according to the old plan, by instalments. The Judge of the Divorce Court lately stated that it was a court open to all persons. He might have added that, under certain circumstances, there were considerable inducements to resort to it.

In the case which has afforded a recent exemplification of the above-stated principle, all disputes and differences between the

husband and wife had been terminated by the husband's death. The solicitor employed by the wife claimed against the estate of the husband, who had been a solicitor practising in London, his costs of a suit for judicial separation. As that estate was being administered by the Court of Chancery, the Lords Justices were called upon to decide upon the validity of this claim, and in order to decide it, the question had to be considered whether there was reasonable ground for instituting the wife's suit. The case set up by the husband's representatives was, that whatever measures savouring of restraint or harshness had been adopted towards the wife were rendered necessary by extraordinary and inconvenient delusions which had taken possession of her mind. Without entering into a discussion of the voluminous evidence brought forward in the case, it will suffice to quote Lord Justice Knight Bruce's statement of the result at which he had arrived by consideration of it. "The late Mr. Hooper," he said, "seems to have been a man most painfully perplexed and, indeed, afflicted by his wife, whether she was in or out of her senses." It appears that this lady entertained either a belief or a delusion that all the ladies in her neighbourhood were rivals with her for the affections of her husband. At Acton, where Mr. Hooper originally lived; in Sackville Street, whither his wife's jealousy compelled him to remove; at Avignon, and other places which he visited with his wife in the course of a tour undertaken in the hope of restoring to her that mental health which he supposed to be deficient—at all these places was manifested the same distressing propensity of Mrs. Hooper, to charge her husband with intrigues with every woman whom they met. She even professed to believe that what she called "the Acton gang" were following them in the Continental tour. Mr. Hooper treated his wife with kindness and consideration, but on several occasions he expressed to a friend his fear that he should be forced to place her under restraint in consequence of her increasing delusions. Great domestic unhappiness was produced by this state of things, and in December 1858 Mrs. Hooper, by the advice of a solicitor named Clarke, quitted her husband's house and commenced proceedings in the Divorce Court for a judicial separation on the ground of cruelty. In compliance with the usual practice of the Court, Mr. Hooper was compelled to deposit with the Registrar the sum of 250*l.* as security for his wife's costs.

The case came on for hearing, and an agreement was thereupon entered into for a voluntary separation upon certain terms. Disputes afterwards arose as to the mode of carrying out the agreement thus entered into, and Mrs. Hooper endeavoured to obtain leave to proceed in the suit notwithstanding the compromise. This leave was, however, refused by the Judge, and afterwards on appeal by the full Court. Before anything further could be done in the matter, Mr. Hooper died, and the proceedings thus came to a termination. Heavy costs had, however, been incurred by Mr. Clarke on behalf of Mrs. Hooper, for which she, as a married woman, was not liable. A suit having been instituted for the administration of Mr. Hooper's estate, Mr. Clarke brought in a claim for his costs, amounting to 630*l.*, alleging that those costs were "necessaries" properly supplied to Mrs. Hooper, for which her husband's estate was liable. It afterwards appeared that Mr. Clarke was entitled to receive the 250*l.* which had been paid into the Divorce Court, so that the claim which he sought to enforce in the Court of Chancery became reduced to 380*l.* It was contended, in opposition to his claim, that although the practice of the Divorce Court allowed a wife to mulct her husband with impunity, the principles of the Court of Chancery would not allow it to give any assistance to such a proceeding.

The question considered by the Lords Justices was, whether there was reasonable ground for instituting the suit, and they came to the conclusion that there was not. If they had come to the opposite conclusion, Mr. Clarke would have been entitled to the full amount claimed by him, on the principle that legal advice and assistance given to a wife, who has quitted her husband's house with any thing like fair cause of complaint against him, comes under the head of "necessaries" supplied to the wife by the husband's implied order. It is desirable that this rule of law should be clearly stated, in order to prepare the way for the consideration of its expediency. The effect of it is that, in almost every case where husband and wife quarrel, a solicitor who takes the wife's side is sure to get out of the husband's pocket either half or the whole of his professional charges for acting in her behalf. In Mr. Hooper's case, Lord Justice Knight Bruce said, "He was perfectly satisfied that there was no cruelty of any kind on the husband's part; that when the wife left him she did so without justification, and without excuse, if sane; and that the suit, considered as instituted by a sane woman, was a censurable and worse than frivolous proceeding on her part." It is difficult to add anything to the force or clearness of this description of a suit thoroughly hopeless both in inception and progress. Yet this is the sort of suit which the Court of Divorce encourages by securing in advance the costs of the solicitor who institutes it. Truly, as Sir James Wilde says, the Court of Divorce is open, but the old comparison of open Courts with the London Tavern does not altogether hold good of the Divorce Court, since it is possible, at least for ladies, to indulge in all the luxuries which the establishment affords, under the comfortable assurance that not themselves but their husbands will have to pay the bill.

WILLIAM BEHNES THE SCULPTOR

WHAT is Fame, and how shall we weigh its substance, or satisfy ourselves of its being? We think of it as of something definite and recognisable. We imagine that a man may work for Fame, as he might for wealth—fail perhaps, and die bankrupt of glory, or succeed, live on it in competence, and leave it as an inheritance to his kindred or his country. Is Fame, indeed, this substantial entity, or rather is it a little smoke which the wind raises and disperses again, why or how or whither we know not? Here, whilst all our journals have justly raised their memorial to our lamented Thackeray, and made his epitaph *publica cura*, we have the death of one of the best English working sculptors, if not the best (for Flaxman was essentially a designer), during the first half of the century, noticed in a few papers without even a record of the day when he departed (January 3, 1864), as if the incident were already too far gone and too trivial to deserve commemoration. "We regret to hear of the death of William Behnes the sculptor. His eyes were closed, we are sorry to add, in the Middlesex Hospital." So writes one of the journals. They tell a story to the visitors of a church in Lucca, that on a gridiron which hangs up in the nave a bundle of flax was, in old times, lighted when Popes or Emperors came by, as a symbol of human glory, and burned before their eyes with a cry of "*Sic transit*." We see such a symbol, and hear such a cry, in the obituary of William Behnes.

"The best judges, however," our contemporary adds, after saying that his genius did not obtain a fair trial, "thought very highly of his work. He possessed natural talent sufficient to have raised him to one of the highest places in his noble calling." Whilst it will presently be pointed out that Behnes may claim a very honourable position in that forlorn hope of English art to which he was devoted, we are not disposed to agree unreservedly in the above estimate. If he did not obtain one of the highest places, the fact cannot be adequately accounted for by urging that his genius had not a fair trial. Sculpture has been hitherto, in comparison with painting, so little studied or understood by the mass of English spectators and patrons, that, in the most important sense, it may be said that no modern sculptor of ability has had a fair trial. For a fair trial can only be obtained if the man's contemporaries are in some degree his equals in taste, and are educated enough to comprehend his art. But this deficiency presses upon all our sculptors alike. Had St. Paul's, for instance, been miraculously filled by masterworks, in place of such monuments as those lately placed there to the Napiers, to Lord Lyons, to Mr. Hallam, or to Lord Melbourne, ranging as they do between mediocrity and failure, the masterworks would still, at the present day, have been in a language "not understood of the people." The simple fact that, beyond a slight sketch in one or two biographical series, we have no Life of Flaxman, is a sufficient proof of the popular indifference. But, in the commoner meaning of the term, Behnes could not be said to want a fair trial. For more than twenty years (roughly, we might say between 1820 and 1840), he was, we believe, in large practice; and during his life several important public works were entrusted to him. Irregularities in his private career, it is well known, barred his admission to the Royal Academy; although it must be added that the rule so sternly enforced against Behnes has not been applied with undeviating rigour in all instances. That these irregularities held Behnes back from doing all that might have been expected from his great natural and acquired gifts, there is no doubt. But such errors pointed, as they almost invariably point, to an unequal balance of his nature—to something incomplete or jarring. And besides a certain want of earnestness and, if we may use the phrase, of faith in his own art, proved by his private life, we must also allow that Behnes did not possess that rarest and highest quality in the rarest and highest of the fine arts—poetical inventiveness as a sculptor.

Behnes, however, had much which almost compensated for the gift that was lacking. A delicate feeling for the beauty of childhood, united with modelling of exquisite truth and a great power (when he was willing to exert it) in the rendering of texture and of surface, raised to real poetry such a figure as the "Child and Dove," which shone out almost alone in its excellence amongst the ornamental figures in the great English Picture Gallery of the International Exhibition. Lovers of art often paused before that little statue; it stood there like a graceful thing of life amongst the cold and distorted marbles around it. Portrait-figures of Mr. Hope's and Lord Munster's children exhibit similar qualities. It will be seen that the poetry of such works is of the graceful, but not of the deeply penetrating, still less of the sublime or highly imaginative order. Behnes's style in marble might be characterized as picturesque. Now, when it is correct to characterize one art in the terms proper to another, it may be suspected that, however great the merit of the work in other ways, it does not reach the highest place. Thus the praise which we sometimes see ignorant writers give to woodcuts, that "they are like etchings or engravings on copper," betrays that the art in question has, so far, taken a false direction. The merit of a woodcut is simply that it should be like a design cut in wood. The merit of sculpture is that it should, above all things, be sculptural. The existence of this picturesque element in certain works by Behnes was probably due to his own early training. As a youth he had practised drawing with such assiduity and success that a series which he executed from Raffaele's Vatican frescoes drew forth the most emphatic praise from so good a judge of this

branch of the art as Benjamin West. The same result appears to have followed which may be noted in the case of Michel Angelo or Ghiberti. The sculptor, to the end of his life, treated his own art rather with picturesqueness than with severity. The draperies, for example, in Behnes's grand portrait-figures are, to use the painter's phrase, rather too much "cut up" into brief lines. They have not the flow and continuity that we observe even in the common fourth-rate antiques; for, however small the positive merit of the work, rarely, if ever, do we find specific rules of art ignored by any Greek artist.

The criticism which takes as its motto *nihil nisi bonum* is simply valueless. We have, therefore, endeavoured fairly to set forth the limitations of Behnes's genius. It remains to point out the striking excellences which counterbalanced these limitations. His fine feeling for grace—nourished, it may be, and developed, as it was with Flaxman, by constant study with the pencil—enabled Behnes to preserve with rare success that leading exigency of sculpture "in the round," a good bounding outline. Thus, whilst the conception of the work, with the details, might be partly governed by pictorial ideas, the whole preserved the character proper to sculpture. The figures already quoted are examples. But the most important of Behnes's works in this direction was probably a mezzo-relievo, with figures about half life size, illustrating Shakespeare's *Seven Ages of Man*. It would hardly be possible without a woodcut to convey to readers an idea of the ingenuity and the beauty which, as a whole, characterize this design; and it is another proof of our national inappreciation of sculpture that Behnes should never have found a patron disposed to order the execution of his model. Further, in a really thorough mastery of form, and in a penetrative appreciation of character, he possessed two of the powers most obviously requisite for his art, although, in the present position of English sculpture, powers rarely displayed. Behnes's portrait-busts and figures are hence his best works. Busts of Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, of Lord Lyndhurst, Follett, D'Orsay, and the Queen whilst Princess Victoria, have been pronounced amongst the most felicitous. A head in the last Academy Exhibition was noticed in this journal as beyond comparison the finest bust in marble there exhibited. It was placed near a huge bust of the Prince of Wales by Mr. Marshall Wood, and we well remember how marked was the contrast between Behnes's modest and admirably-wrought likeness and the vulgar, inanimate coarseness with which the Royal features were caricatured. It was just the contrast, old as nature and as art, between deadness and life. Mrs. Thorneycroft and Mr. Butler were, indeed, if we remember rightly, the only sculptors whose marble-work could stand in competition with Mr. Behnes's in the vitality impressed upon the stone, and in that look of likeness which, when once caught, is irresistible, even to spectators who do not know the artist's original.

Busts are, however, rarely accessible works, and those who are interested in Behnes may therefore be directed to one or two easily-found examples. Amongst these we do not include his Peel or his Havelock. Produced, the latter in particular, at a time when (in addition to private causes) the artist's zeal for his art had sunk before the sight of the successful jobbing and charlatanerie to which London owes so many recent disfigurements, he hardly rose above the level of the favourites of our committees, although the bust just noticed proves that the old fire still burned vividly within him. A beautiful specimen of the artist's better days will be found in his monument to Dr. Bell, within the Abbey, on the right hand immediately on turning from Poet's Corner westwards. It presents a relief of boys standing by their master. Some details are conventional, but we know no other similar work within the building of equal grace, *naïveté*, and naturalness. It should be compared with the tame and unmeaning relief on Chantrey's Herries monument, a little further on to the left. The Follett of the Abbey (north transept) is also by Behnes. Here the drapery is wanting in expressiveness, but the head is full of life and sweetness, and the whole figure has a look of genuine and well-understood art, if, again, we compare it with the coarse though smooth treatment of Homer's features by Behnes's fashionable contemporary Chantrey, or the singular Peel *togatus* of Gibson, both near the Follett. This, in turn, wants poetry and mastery when contrasted with the magnificent Mansfield of Flaxman, beyond rivalry the finest modern group in our central mausoleum. In St. Paul's—and there, even more than in the Abbey, conspicuous by its ability amongst contemporary monuments—is the fine statue of Dr. Babington, the model of which will have given to attentive visitors of the International Exhibition some idea of Behnes's power. And, if the original be compared with the mass of monumental figures around it in St. Paul's, we are convinced that no one will be at a loss to perceive why so much modern sculpture, whatever the reputation of the sculptors, must be reluctantly pronounced unsatisfactory. The drapery, though not carried to the old Greek point of realization, is beautifully and, on the whole, truthfully treated; the attitude is eminently characteristic of a great scientific lecturer, whilst the details are faithfully suggestive of his aim and method. We do not know any other likeness of Dr. Babington; but the head has that impressive air of truth above spoken of, and the modelling (although much has here been lost) is at once grand and delicate. We would especially draw attention to the quivering and mobile quality of the lips, as one of the most difficult points that sculpture has to seize. The statue of Colonel Jones (we believe in Greenwich Hospital Chapel) is equally successful in its rendering of energetic action.

We commonly speak of the chisel of Nollekens or Flaxman; but the phrase, in England, has been long little more than a metaphor in the case of most popular sculptors. Very few, we believe, since the flimsy manufacturing system was established by Chantrey, have been thorough masters in finishing the marble. Some well-known artists hardly even attempt it. No first-rate sculpture is, however, to be had without. It was the touch of Phidias which gave the true and consummate expression of the design of Phidias. We must regret that Behnes did not, in this respect, rise above the level of his contemporaries, especially since his natural feeling for surface was so refined that he might otherwise have raised his works to no less a superiority in their rendering than in their grace and truth of conception. It must be confessed that a finished sculptor might scarcely care to expend the vast labour of pure chiselling (by which alone a truthful surface can be reached) for exhibition before a public which was in ecstasies before the waxen gloss of the "Greek Slave," or the tricky dexterities of the "Reading Girl." But the true artist would be superior to such discouragement, and, working his marble up to the highest point, would rest secure in the knowledge that it is such work only that commands the homage of future centuries, when the vaunted performances of the drawing-room pet and the nobleman's protégé have been long forgotten.

To try to fix Behnes's position in English sculpture, except in a rough suggestive way, would be here impossible. But it may perhaps be said that, taking 1840 as the close of his most successful efforts, his were the best series of busts which the English school had produced up to that period. Nollekens, indeed, gave us a few which, for spirit and skill, though not perhaps for largeness of style, rank with the best of Behnes. But Nollekens, like Roubiliac, is hardly to be reckoned altogether English. Banks, Flaxman, and Robert Wyatt belonged to the poetical province of the art; and we know of no other portrait-sculptors who, as a whole, can compete with Behnes before his old age. He is not so successful in full-length work, from causes already indicated; although in this very difficult style it must be owned that we have little to show superior to his serious efforts. And in the less frequent attempts to which, with a modesty and prudence the want of which is often to be deplored in his profession, he confined his practice of the ideal or inventive side of the art, he has left an example how far, in the absence of direct creation and poetical faculty, the instinct for grace and the mastery over form may carry sculpture.

A few words must be added on the influence of this distinguished artist upon the English school. Those who knew him speak strongly as to the openness with which he gave instruction to others, and describe his studio as the last in which the old system of frank tuition was carried out. There must have been certainly an unusual power of attraction in the master who, undecorated by the Academy and unglorified by fashionable prestige, could collect around him almost all the younger men whose works do real credit to English sculpture, and can stand the test of foreign competition. Watson and Gatley are the most salient exceptions we can call to mind in a list containing Carew, Lough, Burlowe, Weekes, Timbrell, Burnard, Edwards, Davis, the Foleys, Butler, and Woolner. Some of these men died young, and there are of course, amongst the rest, very marked degrees of merit. But it will easily be recognised by connoisseurs that a general character of soundness or proficiency in art belongs to Behnes's pupils, and marks them off from other names which, to the detriment of English art at home and of our reputation in Europe, are sometimes put prominently forward.

REVIEWS.

MR. LEWES'S LIFE OF GOETHE.*

THE Second Edition of the *Life of Goethe*, by Mr. Lewes, has been partly re-written, and every care has been taken to give the work its greatest value in the permanent form which it has now, we presume, attained. As it stands, it is, we think, one of the best biographies in English or in any other language. It tells the story of the life it has to describe in a simple, sensible, straightforward way. There is great judgment shown in the distribution of the parts and in the space allotted to each. Where Goethe's life was interesting, his biographer writes at length; where the life was dull, the biography is short. The attitude preserved towards his hero by Mr. Lewes is also meritorious beyond the usual merits of biographers. He says that Goethe wrote weakly where that is the honest judgment of his biographical critic. He blames Goethe where Goethe was inconsiderate, rash, and shortsighted. More especially he criticises freely and severely the mystical and allegorical tendency of Goethe's later works, and the strange waywardness of his old age. But he shows that, on the whole, Goethe was a man whose life it is worth while to write well, and that even in his conduct where it was most to be blamed, and in his writings where they were poorest in matter and most confused in form, there was always an element present which makes contempt impossible. Nothing, again, can be better than the way in which Mr. Lewes deals both with the German theorists who have commented on

Goethe's writings, and with the German anecdote-mongers who have spun out volume on volume about the incidents of Goethe's life. To the former he replies that there is no evidence whatever that Goethe had all the subtle meanings attributed to him, until he himself was corrupted by his critics, and began to prophesy darkly because the critical world assured him that he had always been a dark prophet. The anecdote-mongers he disposes of by remarking that, when their volumes are boiled down and the rubbish got rid of, there remains marvellously little, and of this little a great part may be rejected as untrue. There is only one addition to the biography which we could have wished to see. It seems to us that the work would have been more interesting, and perhaps more perfect, if it had included a *resumé* of Goethe's principal opinions in morals, moral philosophy, art, religion, and the conduct of life. Goethe is popularly regarded as the Apostle of Self-Culture, and although he was many things besides, still this was one of his chief characteristics. We could have wished that a writer who knows Goethe's works so well as Mr. Lewes, and can judge him so fairly, had explained fully and fairly what Goethe meant by self-culture, and what was the form he attributed to it.

It may perhaps be roughly said that what Goethe meant by self-culture was the observation of facts, in the service of God, for the benefit of men. He had a strong religious sense—a strong feeling that he was in communion with a divine Being, and a strong conviction that he found himself in this world with certain definite duties to discharge. But then he asked what it was that God required of men, and his answer was that this is only to be learnt by the most anxious and elaborate investigation of the facts among which man is placed, and especially of the facts of the physical world and the facts of human life. Man, he thought, found out from the examination of the physical world how God works, and in what way he reveals himself. It was Goethe's great aim to see what may be termed the general scheme and plan of nature—the relation of man to animals, the connexion of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the idea that he conceived lay at the bottom of all forms of animal or vegetable life. Then, again, when he turned to human life, he saw a series of pictures which had each its own lesson and interest, and he thought that to notice the traits of these pictures, to present them to the mind as wholes, and to grasp all their darker and lighter shades, was the best means of seeing what the world was like in which man had to live. The mass of mankind has a strong inclination to separate itself from facts; it likes to speculate more or less vaguely on things which the mind cannot apprehend; it strives to live in the future rather than in the present, and it struggles on in blindness to the physical world around it. In order to rise above the mass, it is necessary, Goethe said, to renounce these wrong paths. A wise man will not trouble himself about things that he cannot understand; it is things, not words, that concern him, and this world, not the next, with which he has to do. The doctrine of Renunciation as he called it—the duty of renouncing vague and fruitless dreams, and of seeing all that can be seen, and of attending to it solely—was thus one of the cardinal doctrines of self-culture. But man was made to live for man, and the observation of facts could never content the soul unless it was directed to the good of mankind. This was the moral to enforce which the second part of *Faust* was more especially written. There it assumes a quaint and almost ludicrous form. *Faust*, who has tried everything in vain—knowledge, and investigation, and religion, and sensuality, and love, and the supernatural—cannot shake off the burden of his soul, or escape from this weary world, or say to the passing moment that it is fair, until he suddenly determines to drain a morass and plant a happy colony on the recovered land. The mere thought of this benevolent project changes his nature, and he dies happy. But although the thought is nowhere else put in so striking a way, it presents itself continually in Goethe's writings, and it formed one of the mainsprings of Goethe's life. The wish to profit his fellow-men was one that was never absent from him.

All this is to be gathered from a hundred passages in Mr. Lewes's volume, and we only regret that he has left it to be gathered, and has not expounded it fully and systematically, with references to the chief passages in which Goethe set it forth. Some of the prejudices with which this doctrine of self-culture is associated are also combated with great success by Mr. Lewes. It has been remarked that it was all very well for Goethe to care for the whole human race, but it would have been more to the purpose if he had cared for some of the people who were alive at the same time with him. To this Mr. Lewes triumphantly replies that the notion of the inconsistency of a lofty interest in humanity with a practical benevolence to individuals is dispelled by the example of Goethe himself, who was copious, delicate, and self-sacrificing in his charity towards all manner of people entirely without claim on him. It has also often been said that a poet who lived in the days of the great uprising of Germany against the French had better have helped his country than trouble himself about the progress of the human race. Goethe himself answered this with some sense when he asked whether it was meant that he, a man then of the age of sixty, and too old to fight, was under a sacred obligation to sit in his arm-chair and write military songs. But Mr. Lewes adds the further remark that Goethe, at most, made a political mistake. He thought that Germany, disunited and weak as it then was, must fall under the influence of a foreign nation, and that it was better to be

* *The Life of Goethe*. By George Henry Lewes. Second Edition, partly re-written. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.

under the influence of France than of Russia. Even those who think he was wrong must remember how, for forty years after Napoleon was driven back over the Rhine, Russia weighed like a nightmare on Germany, crushing out all that was best in German life, and that when the incubus was at last removed, relief came not from Germany itself, but from England and France fighting the Crimean war successfully. The further question, however, remains, whether this doctrine of self-culture, however much it may be disentangled from the mistakes that have accidentally surrounded it, gives a true account of the duties and position of man in this world. In England objections are freely made to it, and some of the grounds of objection are, as it seems to us, perfectly valid. More especially it appears to be open to the remark that it does not accord with the religious experience of man, and that it only satisfies and is intelligible to a small minority of people. There does not seem to be any place in it either for sorrow for sin or for aspirations after holiness. In fact, Goethe almost entirely, if not entirely, rejected the notions both of sin and of holiness. They both departed from his standard of accepting the facts of the world. Sin was, to his mind, an exaggeration of one set of facts to the exclusion of other facts not less important. A man, being partly good and partly evil, chooses to call himself wholly evil, in order that he may reap certain moral benefits. Goethe said that no good could come of this imaginary divorce between good and evil, and that a man could no more escape from evil than from his own shadow. So, too, the doctrine of renunciation is virtually incompatible with the attainment of holiness. A man who renounces whatever he cannot see can scarcely live in the invisible world, and, so far as human experience goes, no one ever has been holy whose thoughts have not been wrapped up in the invisible world. The wants of the human mind which make us look on evil as sin and on holiness as a high attainment of the soul are so deep, and the sense of these wants seems to have given the modern world so much of its superiority over the ancient, that a system which ignores them must have some large defect. Nor can it be doubted that the doctrine of self-culture is not adapted to the vulgar. It may deter a man of ordinary character from a crime if he is told that to commit the crime will expose him to dreadful torments directly he dies; but he is not at all likely to be deterred because he is told that to commit the crime will render it impossible or improbable that he should any longer live in "the Whole, the Good, and the True." Goethe would, of course, have acknowledged this; but he would, we presume, have said that men of education want some better account of goodness than that it is a means of escaping torment, and that he only wrote for the educated.

Any theory of human life, however, which is to be permanent and can be considered satisfactory, must appeal to the vulgar and to the educated alike. Having once had in Christianity something that appeals to all, the world cannot go back and take up with a system that draws a sharp line between the educated and the vulgar. But when we have acknowledged the shortcomings of the doctrine of self-culture we must admit that it expresses with tolerable aptitude the position which some men, under peculiar circumstances and of a peculiar character, may reasonably assume in choosing their line of conduct in life. A man who wishes to serve God and benefit man must do something, and one of the things he may profitably do is to observe and record facts, and see what are the true circumstances under which mankind is set to work. By doing this he may attain to lofty notions of God and do good service to men. Supposing the end of all philosophy is with him, as it is with Faust, to drain a morass, that is not a bad end to come to. The devotional life, with works of charity and direct benevolence, is only one form of serving God and benefiting man. It may possibly be always a higher mode than any other, and certainly it is a more useful ideal for the mass. But to study God in his works, to drain a morass, and to write down cant and humbug of all kinds, and to do this from a deep feeling that in ignorance, in idleness, and in vagueness of thought and language lie the seeds of the greater part of all that is remediable in human misery, is an aim worthy of a great and a good man. Nor ought it to be too harshly objected that the devotee of self-culture cuts himself off sharply and rigidly from the ordinary lot and state of mankind. Surely a religious man who believes that only a very minute portion of mankind will be saved, and sets himself to work to get into the number, is open to the same reproach, if it is one. The man of self-culture says nothing worse of other people than that they will not attain self-culture if they do not set about it in the proper way; and this is a fact obvious enough, whatever may be its value. It is not difficult to conceive a state of mind in which a man, possessed by a feeling which may be morbid or not, might shrink from a doctrine that promises him a state of happiness in presence of the awful misery of the mass of mankind, and might feel like a Pole resolving to take his lot with his nation rather than be one of the exceptions rewarded for submission by the Russians. And yet this same man might be content to take the facts of the world as he found them, and to own what cannot be denied, that some men do attain—through knowledge, and through a desire to serve God and benefit their fellow-creatures—to a state of self-control and of inward happiness that is not attained by those who have no opportunities offered them or who will not take advantage of opportunities when they come.

CALIXTUS AND HIS TIMES.*

MR. DOWDING has done well in calling attention to the life and labours of Calixtus, the foremost in learning and influence among the Protestants of his century upon the Continent, the great apostle of religious moderation and comprehension, the vindicator of learning in connexion with religion, the associate or correspondent of Grotius and Voss, Casaubon and De Thou. It is quite time that some scholar took in hand to dissipate the ignorance which prevails in this country concerning the history of German Protestantism, and even the civil history of Germany, during the seventeenth century. Everybody, of course, has been dragged during his schooldays through Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*, and has been taught to believe that he has come out with a clear understanding of causes and effects from that confused and disjointed narrative with scarce a date from beginning to end. But, of all wars waged—as Germany is ever wont to wage wars—for an idea, when was there one of which the idea has been more impenetrably sealed, if not to native interpreters, yet at least to the ordinary understanding of this country? It has been the same with the theology and the theologians of the period. Whether it be that the questions are too dry, the scenes too remote, and the men too unattractive, or simply that the skill of the historian has been wanting, the fact remains that that particular page of European history is to us at this day practically uncut and unexplored.

We are not to look to Mr. Dowding to satisfy our craving for a clear general summary of the whole civil and ecclesiastical annals of the time. It would not, perhaps, be fair to expect to have in the mere biography of one personage, however prominent, the whole tangled skein unravelled before our eyes. And yet, in narrowing as he has done so cautiously the range of view to the mere external records of that single life, Mr. Dowding has shown his comparative unfitness to make even that individual career fully and fairly intelligible to us. The history of Calixtus is essentially a history of his times. Its details are uneventful and unmeaning apart from the influences under which he lived and the controversies in which he took a leading part; and the analysis of his character alone would supply the missing clue to the understanding of his period. For want of this the book is dry and wooden. The most influential scholar and theologian of his age is made to wear, to our eyes, too much the air of a mechanical figure, or of a portrait etched in the hardest outline by the hand of some Dutch master. There has been no lack of painful and conscientious labour; on the contrary, too much elaboration seems to have choked the life out of the volume. Keeping in mind the Horatian maxim in the letter rather than in the spirit, Mr. Dowding makes a merit of having retained his work all but nine years upon the stocks, with the effect, we fear, not so much of imparting grace and warmth to the narrative or the style, as of reducing both alike to the dead and desiccated condition of a mummy. A further motive seems to have been that he wished to await the publication of the elaborate treatise of Professor Henke of Marburg, *Georg Calixtus und seine Zeit*, to which he has to acknowledge, candidly enough, so many obligations that it is not easy to see what his own compilation would have amounted to without it.

The father of Calixtus—a pupil of Melancthon, a scholar or "Latin man," as we are told, and *Pfarrer* or pastor of Medelbye, in Holstein—had, in keeping with the pedantic conceit of the age, changed his own honest name of Kallison for one which was intended to sound more classical. His son George, a *quasi* Benjamin by a second marriage, grew up under the influence of the classical tastes and liberal leanings of the old Philippist divine. The boy's longings were, from the first, for a University life. Two years at the Latin school at Flensburg prepared him for that wider pursuit of knowledge for which he was willing to forego home and fatherland. "Holstein was dear, and Schleswig dearer; but they possessed no university, and must give way." One only university could then fall in with the views of the sincere Melancthonian—a lover of science and learning in connexion with theology, and averse to the spirit of the dogmatic and ill-named *formula concordie*. At Helmstadt, in Brunswick, ever since its foundation in the year 1576 by Duke Julius, moderation and "humanity" had been secured by a special *corpus doctrinae*, from which the crucial Shibboleths which the great Philip declared himself "unable to frame," especially that relating to the bodily omnipresence, were carefully excluded. Its statutes, moreover, expressly discouraged polemical strife, as well as those tests which tended to sever literature from theology. Helmstadt continued under the next Duke, Henry Julius, to attract the best professors in every faculty—elegant scholars, yet without indifference, travelled foreigners, and men of the world. From his matriculation in the year 1603 to the end of his life Calixtus became identified with Helmstadt. A pupil of Meibom in history, he learned mathematics from a Scotchman, Liddel, with such quiet and unostentatious progress as to surprise his teachers into the remark that, like Epaminondas, Calixtus "knew more than any one, and said less." But his real employment for the first four years was Aristotle, and philosophy in its stricter sense, under the guidance of Caselius and Martini. Through Hebrew, the great Church writers, and the history of controversy and of dogma, he was laying the foundation of that wide and solid learning which enabled him to surpass the

* *The Life and Correspondence of George Calixtus*. By the Rev. W. G. Dowding, M.A. London: J. H. & J. Parker. 1863.

theologians of Lutheranism, and to equal even the erudition of the Netherlands and St. Maur. Nor was it in bookish learning only that the young student found scope for his growing energies. The mixture of muscularity with learning and Christianity was not wholly reserved for modern times. In the course of a tour among the German universities, in a letter from Giessen, after speaking somewhat slightly of the pseudo-Ramists and Aristotelians—who “don’t philosophize here, but bray”—“I have made choice,” it is said, “of French and boxing, in which I hope to be perfect by Frankfurt fair.” Still greater delight attended a later visit to England, where he met Casaubon, and was astonished at the magnificence of Oxford and Cambridge, and felt the influence of several of the leading prelates and divines. “It was not so much,” writes a contemporary, “his teachers in Germany who led Calixtus to the reading of the Fathers and of Church History, as the bishops in England and elsewhere, who possess most splendid libraries.” His school was to the last accused of Anglican tendencies. His skilful conduct of a disputation with the Jesuit Turriani, on the occasion of the conversion to Romanism of Von Klencke, a young nobleman of Brunswick, led to the promotion of Calixtus to the dignity of professor in January 1615. Twelve years later he was placed by Duke Frederic Ulrich at the head of the Abbey of Königsutter, originally a Benedictine monastery founded by the Emperor Lothaire II. in A.D. 1135, but subsequently secularized and placed under the rule of Protestant abbots. This was a welcome accession of income as well as of rank, for both the University and its professor, who almost alone among his colleagues stuck staunchly to his post, had been brought well-nigh to starving-point under the inroads of the robber-troops of Wallenstein. In the first year of the great war the number of matriculations sank to seven, in the next to zero. Too zealous to be idle, Calixtus yet found employment for the hours spared to him by the lack of students and the suspension of the regular University course in a series of practical lectures or lay sermons, prompted by the distress of the time, and by the decay both of piety and of what the Germans call *Werthelikeit*. It may be thought strange that he never entered on the clerical office, or *Predigamt*. But it has never been unusual in Germany for the professorships of divinity to be held by laymen; and, moreover, it appears that the great theologian’s voice was found from the first too weak to admit of his making a figure in the pulpit. Nor was he more fitted by nature for a conspicuous share in public affairs. Throughout those troublous times, which afforded so much scope for the display of character, and in which so many commanding figures walk across the historical stage, his prominence remained only such as was due to his learned writings, and to the marked opinions which set him at the head of a new and distinctive school. Till his death in 1657, with the exception of the Conference at Thorn in 1645—in which, though present, he was permitted to take no part—he seems never to have left the seclusion of his College. But from thence, through the agency of his writings, joined to his personal influence upon such pupils as Conring and Schrader, and such correspondents as Grotius, Lampadius, Gerhard, and Voss, he was able to acquire a recognised position as the first theologian of the age. Of personal troubles he had meanwhile a bitter taste in the apostasy to Rome, and the subsequent acrimonious attacks, of Neuhaus, a former associate at Helmstadt; and also in the loss of a gifted son, John Eric, at the age of seven. He never afterwards had much joy in his children. One son was of weak intellect, and Frederic Ulrich, who afterwards succeeded to his position and defended his fame, caused him much concern during his lifetime.

While dilating with somewhat wearisome detail upon the external events in the life of Calixtus, Mr. Dowding is strangely silent upon the distinctive points of his religious teaching. “We need not,” he says, “dwell upon his theology, nor discuss the many questions which perhaps might rise out of it.” Wisely as this reticence may be put on as a matter of personal caution, it is less calculated to satisfy those of Mr. Dowding’s readers who would rather hear more of the principles and workings of the great Humanist and Unionist movement than of the mere personal fortunes of its head. It is to tread, we are aware, on difficult and thorny ground to treat of schemes of comprehension and unity, not only between the divided sections of Protestantism at home and abroad, but also with the great body of the Roman Catholic world. In carefully declining this delicate task, Mr. Dowding seems to have acted very much in the wary spirit of the Oxford man in the schools, who, having passed by a very simple question of the examiner in the history of Samuel, justified himself against the subsequent reproaches of his friends by the excuse that “that was the way into Kings.” England, we have been accustomed to be told in regard to a more secular kind of polemics, “hates coalitions;” and whatever might have been hoped for in the way of pacification from the more liberal spirit of this or that age, or from the guiding influence of individuals, the result has never been such as to inspire a belief in the stability of union where radical differences of principle remain. In his own country, a personal friend of Calixtus such as Calovius could only be stirred into setting forth with authority a more stringent counter-assertion of Lutheranism under no milder title than that of *Harmonia Calixtina Hæretica*, and stigmatizing in another rabid dissertation the conciliatory projects of Calixtus as “excrements of Satan.” Before and since his time, such schemes of union have excited the futile aspirations of sanguine minds in our own country. As little came of the labours

of John Dury, who drew into the cause the kindly heart of Archbishop Abbot, and in his later age sought comfort in the counsels of Calixtus himself, as of those of Forbes and Wake a generation or two later. The cry of indifferentism here has proved in practice as great a stumbling-block as that of Syncretism against the Helmstadt school.

The services directly rendered to theology by Calixtus are over-stated by Mosheim, who, disregarding the labours of the schoolmen, gives him the credit of having first reduced divinity to a regular system, and of having given it a scientific and philosophical form. It is fairer to say that he brought it as a science into accord with the stricter metaphysical methods of his day. In the spirit of his Aristotelian studies, he arranged the substance of Christianity according to the method of the Stagyrte, dividing the whole of divinity into three parts—the end, the subject, and the means. Calixtus was also the first who separated the objects of faith from the duties of morality, and exhibited the latter under the form of an independent science. His position, indeed, closely resembled in this respect that of our own latitude men—“moral divines,” as the followers of Episcopius were here nicknamed. Tolerant as he was towards Rome, as a matter of external polity, his opposition to its theological teaching called forth some of his most strenuous writings, while the vigour of his controversial fence caused him to be complimented by Bossuet as “le plus habile des Luthériens de notre temps, qui a écrit le plus doctement contre nous.”

Not the least noteworthy of the results traced in the present memoir to the lawless and disorderly spirit caused by the savagery of civil strife and the heats of religious partisanship, were the coarse and ruffianly habits which crept into the German universities. The life of the unfortunate *Fuchs*, or freshman, was made an absolute hell upon earth. A degree of roughness and brutality had, as is well known, at one time marked the manners of our own seats of learning—the effects of an early stage of civilization, heightened by the free animal spirits of youth. Crossing the line of freshmanship was, within the last century or two, a process attended with no little roughness of play, which told with disagreeable and even dangerous force upon any weak or unpopular stripling. But the worst bullies of Oxford and Cambridge at their darkest period were, as the French ladies said of our officers compared with their German and Russian allies during the occupation of Paris, *doux comme des colombes*, by the side of the contemporary or even later *Dursch* of the German universities. As many of the most frightful plagues of the middle ages survive in the mitigated type of modern epidemics, so is it still possible to trace the fruits of a ruder period in certain characteristics of the fag-system in our own public schools, and in the practice of duelling abroad. Nothing, however, in modern usage can give the faintest idea of what was but the normal state of things at a quiet university like that of Helmstadt at the period now before us. The solemn rite of “Deposition” at the end of the freshman’s year was not to be gone through without, for instance, a tooth being formally drawn from his mouth, “that he might not bite with lies or calumny”—a rule to be commended among others, in the opinion of Luther himself, “as a wholesome type of life, and not without its use, perhaps, to upbraid boys.” But upon the system itself came to be grafted an irregular practice of cruelty, which for half a century defied all limit or restraint. Beards plucked out by the roots, heads made bald, noses and mouths disfigured by blows, life even taken in some cases, or poor wretches driven to suicide—such were a few of the barbarities which are handed down to us under the peculiar name of “pennalism:”—

The freshman, as we have seen, was called usually *Fuchs*. But the class was often marked by more opprobrious names—*Vituli*, *Mutterkübler*, *Caci*, *Pennales*, as German or Latin at the moment was uppermost. The last of these nick-names requires notice.

It was invented as a satire upon the awkward zeal which was supposed to accompany the freshman’s *début*. “*Pennalis* he is because he carries *pens*, to take down every word which falls from his tutor’s mouth.” From *pennalis* came the terrible word *pennalismus*, which meets us continually during the seventeenth century, and never without telling of crime and hardship.

Pennalism was a frightful system of “bullying;” as much more ferocious than any we know now as the days preceding the Thirty Years’ War were darker and fiercer than the times now present. The older students called themselves the *Absoluti*; and the *Fuchs*, in their hands, was a slave. They claimed both his person and his property. Whatever money the poor lad had brought with him from home was forthwith expended in a coarse carouse, and when money failed him he must sell his books—whatever of them, at least, he had rescued from pillage; for books and even clothes were held fair game by his masters, who themselves went clothed in the cavalier style, while the *Fuchs* was often obliged to be content with rags. Menial services were not seldom required of him; it was his to carry messages, do errands, clean shoes, to *rob the peasants on their way to market*, and to rifle orchards for their masters’ gain. Corporal punishment awaited failure.

Calixtus, when for the third time pro-rector in the year 1643, drew in his inaugural address an indignant contrast between the manners of the university at the time of his youth and those which marked the decay of learning and morality that had since taken place. A formal decree was at the same time fulminated, not dissimilar in the pomp of its Latinity to sundry solemn effusions which have stigmatized nearer home the enormities of modern undergraduates in *re vestiaria*, or in the excessive use of the *herba Nicotiana*. Mr. Dowding is far too loyal a biographer to hint even at the possibility that so mild and indulgent a temper as that of the professor *primarius* may have had something to do with so excessive and unusual an indulgence in these wild and savage propensities. There are, indeed, times of crisis which set at nought the utmost strength of intellect or energy of will

which rests with any one man. Still we should have been glad of a more searching analysis of the causes which led to so helpless a confession of disorder, as well as of some more definite proofs that the powers of the theologian were united with those of the academic Head. An equally important drawback from the value of Mr. Dowding's volume is the absence of anything like a systematic list of the numerous writings of Calixtus.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SISMONDI.*

M. SAINT-RENÉ TAILLANDIER, having had occasion to explore the library at Montpellier left by M. Fabre to the museum which bears his name, found there, and has since edited, a quantity of hitherto unpublished letters addressed to Louisa, Countess of Albany. This lady, famous throughout Europe in her time, was certainly prepared, as far as the accidents of birth and fortune could prepare her, to become the centre of a widespread literary coterie. The daughter of a German, Prince Stolberg Gederu, she was married in 1772 to the English Charles Edward, commonly known as the "Young Pretender," and shared with him the little Court which was for several years kept up at Rome. She afterwards lived apart from him in France, and on his death was privately married to Alfieri, who died at her house in Florence in 1803. And in Florence she continued to live until her own death twenty-one years afterwards.

Three-fourths of the letters in M. Taillandier's collection are from the pen of Sismondi. They certainly fill up a gap in what may be called Sismondi's personal literary remains. His previously published journal and correspondence contained scarcely anything of importance dated earlier than 1824; whereas the letters to the Countess of Albany begin in 1807, and go down to 1823, within a few months of the Countess's death. *Et quelle période*, says M. Taillandier, *que ces dix-sept années!* They embrace the grandest military struggles of Napoleon, the European Coalition, the Fall of the Empire, the return of the Bourbons, the Hundred Days, the second Fall, and the second Restoration. So they do; but although Sismondi touches in these letters on some of the great political occurrences of his time, he has not done so with anything near that degree of detail and explicitness which the editor's preface would lead one to suppose. And some of the most interesting passages in his experience are left altogether unnoticed. It is well known, for instance, that the events of the Hundred Days occasioned a very memorable episode in Sismondi's life. The romance of Napoleon's return from Elba, the contrast between his courage and wisdom and the shabby imbecility of the Bourbons, the apparently sincere loyalty shown him by the populace, and the sudden combination of the other European Governments against him—all these, as one of his critics has pointed out, worked on the imagination of Sismondi, and converted him for the time into a sort of independent partisan of the reinstated despot. He believed that Napoleon would be compelled to govern France better than before; and, wishing to lend a helping hand, he published in the *Moniteur* a series of letters called *Examen de la Constitution Française*. Struck by the vigour and ability of his new and unexpected apologist, the Emperor expressed a wish to meet the great Genevese publicist, and on May the 3rd, 1815, they met in the gardens of L'Elysée Bourbon. The conversation which followed was written down by Sismondi for the inspection of his mother, his constant confidante and literary counsellor, and M. Taillandier has given long extracts from that account in a preliminary essay on the historian's life and genius. But the letters of the Musée Fabre are entirely silent on this interesting subject. There exists among them but one solitary epistle bearing date in 1815, and that was written on March the 2nd, the day after Napoleon landed at Cannes from Elba, and before the news could have reached the writer. It was in the conversation of which we have just spoken that Napoleon drew the famous contrast between the French and English characters:—

Les Français, extrêmes en tout, défaits, soupçonneux, emportés dès qu'il s'agit de théories, vous jugent tout cela avec la *furia française*. L'Anglais est plus réfléchi, plus calme. J'ai vu bon nombre d'entre eux à l'île d'Elbe; gauches, mauvaise tournure, ne sachant pas entrer dans mon salon; mais sous l'écorce on trouvait un homme, des idées justes, profondes, du bon sens au moins.

It seems, however, that additional point was given to these expressions in consequence of the Emperor's belief that Sismondi was an unqualified admirer of the English nation and regarded it as *le peuple hors de pair*. Finding that his companion's views had undergone a considerable change, he presently altered his tone about his own countrymen, and gave a different turn to the *furia française*:—

Belle nation! s'écrie-t-il, noble, sensible, généreuse, toujours prête aux grandes entreprises! Par exemple, quoi de plus beau que mon retour? Eh bien, je n'y ai d'autre mérite que d'avoir deviné ce peuple.

Sismondi married, in 1819, Miss Jessie Allen, sister to a late member for Pembrokeshire, and also to the second wife of Sir James Mackintosh. This connexion riveted a bond which had from very early years united him with the best English society of his time. He saw a good deal of it in his native city. "All London," he writes in 1814, "has migrated to the Continent, and nearly all has visited Geneva:"—

Tout ce qu'il y avait de distingué, comme beauté ou comme esprit parmi les femmes, comme considération ou comme talent parmi les hommes, la

moitié des pairs ou des membres du Parlement, a défilé par Genève: après avoir visité la Suisse, et avoir passé un mois avec nous, ils s'acheminent tous vers l'Italie, et presque tous se proposent de vous voir, et comptent sur l'honneur d'être présentés chez vous.

He was particularly fond of Lord and Lady Holland, and thought his lordship the best-beloved man in England. "Je n'ai pas vu un homme, pas une femme, qui n'en parlât avec enthousiasme." He met also Lady Westmoreland—"qui ne respire que musique, que danse, que représentation." His description of her conversational powers is amusing:—

C'est une des femmes les plus éloquentes de l'Angleterre, ce qui ne veut pas dire tout à fait la même chose que babillarde, car elle parle très-bien et d'une manière très-élégante dans toutes les langues, mais il est vrai qu'elle ne finit jamais.

He never got on with Sir Humphry Davy, but could not say enough in praise of his wife's social qualities:—

Du moins j'apprends avec plaisir que lady Davy est auprès de vous. Vous avez l'air, madame, de préférer le mari et moi la femme, c'est dans l'ordre. Je ne nie point ses rares talents, mais il ne les a jamais mis à ma portée; il a semblé se piquer ici de ne jamais parler science, et sur les autres sujets je lui trouvais l'esprit peu juste, et médiocrement instruit; tandis que lady Davy est à mes yeux une des personnes au monde dont la conversation est la plus animée, la plus facile et la plus variée; il n'y a aucun sujet auquel elle ne s'attache avec beaucoup d'intérêt, et dont elle ne tire une foule d'idées neuves. On l'appelait, dit-on, la Corinne d'Ecosse, et l'on avait raison.

Eight of the letters composing the small section of this volume not issuing from Sismondi's pen were written by Bonstetten, whose name at any rate is familiar to English readers from the curiously prominent place it occupies in three remarkable letters of the poet Gray. It must have been a man something beyond the ordinary level of mere literary talkers of whom Gray could write—"It is impossible for me to dissemble with you; such as I am, I expose my heart to your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes;" and of whom a common friend could say, "I am concerned that I cannot pass half my life with him; I never met with any one who pleased and suited me half as well; the miracle is, how he comes to be so little spoiled," &c. Yet Bonstetten left wonderfully little behind him. He seems to have been one of those men who carry everything before them, even in the highest and most critical circles, by the mere force of a charming presence. M. Taillandier says, indeed, that he contributed to the *culture intellectuelle* in Switzerland, his native country. But he was the very opposite of a man of work. The desire for social pre-eminence was probably his strongest passion, and it was a passion which he could gratify without an effort. He was one of the latest representatives of the eighteenth century (for he lived on till 1832, when he was eighty-seven); "il en gardait l'esprit, la vivacité, la grâce étincelante, comme aussi les préjugés et les sophismes." "La grâce," M. Taillandier adds, "dominait tout; grâce frivole mais charmante." He was, in short, the ideal dawdler. "There," says Gray, recalling his friend's presence, "there, on the corner of the fender, you are standing, or tinkling on the pianoforte, or stretched at length on the sofa"; and he seems to have been an equally acceptable companion, in an idle hour, to intellectual people of either sex. He was a man with whom time stood still; old age seems never to have found him out. He fairly fell in love with the Countess of Albany in 1774, only two years after her marriage with Charles Edward; and forty-three years afterwards we find him still writing in the strain of a youthful lover:—

Madame, me voilà, je ne sais comment, derechef à Rome, mais prêt à quitter cette ville des souvenirs. Pour cette fois-ci je serai mon maître, et je passerai à Florence, où j'espère enfin avoir le très-grand plaisir de vous revoir. Je ne passe jamais à la place des Apôtres, sans fixer ce balcon et la maison où je vous ai vue. Il me semble que j'ai ma vie entière à vous dire. J'ai fait un peu connaissance avec l'ami que vous avez perdu. [The allusion is, of course, to Alfieri.] J'ai vu représenter une de ses pièces; vous m'en parlez; et j'aurai un plaisir infini à entendre parler d'un homme supérieur dont vous avez fait le bonheur.

The few letters of Madame de Staël and Madame de Souza, which conclude the collection, contain scarcely anything of prominent interest. There is one expression of Madame de Staël's which seems to us worth preserving as a brief and happy summary of Sismondi's character. "Je suis de votre avis," she writes, "sur Sismondi; c'est un homme de la meilleure foi du monde." This is said apropos of his sanguine support of the Acte Additionnel during the Hundred Days. They had had some "querelles terribles" by letter about Napoleon; and Madame de Staël was persuaded that the historian had been fundamentally wrong in ever expecting any measures in that quarter which could tend to freedom. She could not, however, help admitting that anything would be better for France than the condition to which it was then (December 1815) reduced.

It would be unfair to pass over, without a word of cordial acknowledgment, the essay on Sismondi which M. Taillandier has prefixed to his collection of discoveries from the Musée Fabre. It is a reprint from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and is quite worthy of that journal's high reputation, doing a great deal towards putting Sismondi's character and genius in a clear light. M. Taillandier sees some striking points of similarity between the historian of the Italian Republics and de Tocqueville. They were both aristocrats by birth, and liberals by conviction and principle. Both were in the habit of regarding political questions not as matters of pure speculation, but as real problems which touched their own lives. The essay also contains some most interesting notices relating to Sismondi's wife—"l'âme la plus tendre et la plus pieuse"—to whom he was devotedly attached, and whose influence over him seems to have been of the best and highest

* *Lettres inédites de J. C. L. de Sismondi, de M. de Bonstetten, de Mme de Staël, et de Mme de Souza.* Publiées avec une Introduction par M. Saint-René Taillandier. Paris: Micaël Lévy. 1863.

kind. "Nous avons parlé ce soir de l'efficacité de la prière," is one of the entries in his journal; "ma femme Jessie est persuadée qu'on ne peut prendre l'habitude de prier tous les jours sans devenir meilleur." Some of his friends of the Voltaire school seem to have regarded him as deserting old opinions, and growing narrow and fanciful. But it was not so; he was only paying that involuntary homage to religion which most men of genius pay sooner or later. The following passage—the last we will extract from a very welcome volume—presents Sismondi to the reader, with his wife beside him, and his mother's letters open before him, weighing the question—as old as the world, and as fresh as yesterday—of the soul's immortality:—

"Je lis avec ma femme d'anciennes lettres de ma mère, de 1806. Elles ont pour moi un intérêt prodigieux et qui n'est presque pas triste : faire ainsi revivre ma mère, entendre encore une fois sa voix et ses conseils ; mais, bon Dieu, que reste-t-il de tant d'amour ? Serait-il possible qu'elle fit encore quelque part, songeant à moi, veillant sur moi, mettant, comme elle faisait alors, tout son bonheur dans le mien, et jouissant de l'amour que je lui garde ? Que je voudrais le croire, c'est-à-dire le comprendre ! Vouloir comprendre une chose, c'est déjà la posséder à demi, car d'où viendrait ce désir, s'il n'y avait en nous la substance d'une vérité, confuse encore, que l'esprit est impatient d'apercevoir sans voile et sans ombre ?" Cette foi à une providence paternelle, cette croyance à un ordre supérieur qui réserve à l'âme des destinées agrandies, on la voit se dégager peu à peu des doutes qui l'obscurcissaient dans l'intelligence du loyal penseur. L'immortalité est incompréhensible, dira quelque physiologiste, adorateur fanatique de son scalpel ; la mort est bien plus incompréhensible encore, répond Sismondi, et il écrit cette note : Comment la mort est-elle possible ? Elle est aussi surprenante, aussi inconcevable que l'immortalité ! Tous ces sentiments, toute cette vie ne peuvent pas avoir été destinés à l'anéantissement.

EXPLORATIONS IN LABRADOR.*

A VOLUME of travels is, in general terms, the mass of personal details built up by the writer round a skeleton which varies according to latitude. All books of Arctic exploration may be classed together as exponents of the great idea of "hummocks." The infinite subvarieties of Alpine adventure all repose upon a strong foundation of "cols." South-African hunting would be entirely wanting in local colour if the game-book had not a sketch of a "wait-a-bit" thorn in every other page. The inland of the Australian continent is substantially composed of interminable "creeks," liable to chronic depletion by excessive droughts. Explorations in Labrador naturally consist to a great extent of "portages." The terms are of such inevitable elementary experience in their respective zones that writers have long forgotten to define them, and ordinary readers to think what they mean. Many of Franklin's and Tyndall's admirers on paper would be puzzled if ordered to describe at a moment's notice a hummock or a col; and we have heard intelligent persons opine that a portage was a measure of length, like a kilomètre or a parasang. Even when the mind is impressed with the etymological meaning of the words, it is difficult for the reader to see why they should recur so frequently and interest the writer so exclusively, until it dawns upon the sense that, in point of fact, there is no other topic of local interest to compete with them. To scramble or circumvent the hummocks, to climb the cols, to brush through the wait-a-bits, to flounder up and down the creeks, to carry canoes and stores across the portages, is the day's work of the traveller after his kind, and a work quite sufficient for the day. It has a right to be noted down with all its monotony and tediousness, not to amuse but to inform, like the facts and figures of Bradshaw's *Guide*. Let those who have any need to consult the experience of a prior traveller do so in sober seriousness, and let the miscellaneous public leave books of travel alone. If authors and readers were once disabused of the idea that travels and voyages ought to be made amusing for publication, voyages and travels would be written much better than they generally are. The true type of a traveller in an unfamiliar country is not the composer given to gorgeous colouring, not the fluent and flippant cosmopolite who has "knocked about" all over the world till he has knocked into one his reminiscences of all its four quarters, not even the laborious collector of detail who prides himself on writing what modern criticism calls a monograph, but the man who tells the history and results of his day's work in the simplest and clearest manner. Those who follow in his track will thank him more for the facts than for the fringe of his adventures, and they are the public with a view to whose benefit the explorer ought specially to write his personal history. Nor will the strictest habit of confining his utterances to the record of that which he has actually done and seen narrow the functions of the travel-writer's art, or erase the marks and degrees of merit which separate one traveller from another. The more clearly we know what to look for in a book of travels, the more truly will the old rule of Eyes and No Eyes measure the success in his important vocation which each traveller attains. Breadth of vision is one of the first qualifications of a first-rate traveller; but unless the record is built upon the basis of strict and simple truth, the broadest vision is of no avail.

Mr. Youle Hind's narrative, although portages are its main staple, has the merit and interest attaching to truth. The adventures of a well-found exploring expedition in the interior of Labrador are not likely to be characterized by circumstances of thrilling excitement. A daily struggle with the current of a swift river, generally either too high or too low, when nothing but hard paddling will force the heavy laden canoes up stream, interspersed with a laborious

break of gauge at every rapid, does not involve as many startling situations as are required to fill a single sensation novel. But, such as his story is, Mr. Hind tells it well and simply, and with the tone of a well-educated man. Its picturesqueness is much increased by the obvious accuracy of the illustrations made by Mr. William Hind, the draughtsman of the expedition. The course of the explorers lay for some distance up the river Moisie, or Mis-tishipi (Great River, or Mississippi), which runs into the Gulf of St. Lawrence a few miles eastward of the Bay of Seven Islands. Leaving the Moisie about forty miles from the coast, they took the line of a smaller stream, the Cold Water River, by ascending which through a series of rapids and lakes in a direction a little east of north, they at last reached the watershed of the Labrador peninsula, some two hundred miles inland. From this point it might have been possible, in winter, to descend by the course of the Ashwanipi to the Atlantic at Hamilton's Inlet; but in the summer season the labours and risks of crossing so wide and barren a region were too great to be wisely undertaken, and Mr. Hind carried his canoes back to the mouth of the Moisie by the lakes and portages which he had surveyed in ascending. Readers who will follow his course up to Lake Caribou, the extreme point where he encamped on his journey north, and back again to the coast, will find a great quantity of interesting detail in the narrative, while at the same time the general impression of the character of life in the wilds of Labrador which the book conveys is remarkably mournful and dreary.

The leader of an expedition of this nature is naturally thrown into frequent and familiar intercourse with the native occupants of the region he is exploring. Mr. Hind did not neglect his opportunities of learning something of the customs and peculiarities of the Montagnais and Nasquapee Indians, the branches of the great Cree tribe which settled in the Labrador peninsula. They seem to be a docile yet spirited and intelligent people, gifted with that instinctive appreciation of direction and locality which characterizes all hunting Indians, educated to such a degree that they could trace for Mr. Hind on birch-bark an accurate map of the lakes and watercourses of the country. They are so proud of that skill in matters relating to the chase which is almost a condition of their existence, that their women will refuse to marry, or will even desert after marriage, a lover who shows himself unskilful in shooting a seal or "calling a loon." They display the usual Indian hospitality, and the usual Indian improvidence, in dealing with the game they kill. Partly from the entire extinction or gradual disappearance of several species of large deer which formerly were plentiful in the inland of Labrador, partly in virtue of other reasons, their life grows harder and harder, and their numbers are diminishing. They know or think that they are a doomed race. One of the causes which, upon Mr. Hind's showing, most seriously affect their prospects of surviving as a nation is their aptitude for the religious impressions they receive from Roman Catholic missionaries. The stations of the Jesuit fathers who toiled amongst them two centuries ago were always placed on or near the coast, and so are those of the present missions. For the sake of the ministrations given by the *robes noires*, the Indians migrate from their high hunting-grounds to the seaside, in whole families, of which few members return. The damp and sudden sea-fogs, fish diet and lazy habits, soon relax and break down constitutions which were proof against the steady, dry cold, and hard living of their old homes in the mountains. They sink under repeated attacks of chest disease; and though aware that they are sinking, few have the physical or moral courage to fly from their fate, at the cost of leaving their spiritual guides and betaking themselves to the habits and hardships of their old hunters' life among heathen companions. Mr. Hind gives at some length a report of the plaintive perplexities of an intelligent young Nasquapee Indian who had settled upon the coast some two years earlier, and had learnt, by the sad experience of his fellows and his own sensibility to the changes of climate, that his life was forfeited if he remained. The story is called "Otelne's Dream," and the burthen of the poor fellow's complaint is touching enough, as he vainly tries to find his way out of the dilemma in which the conflict of strong religious sentiment and relaxed mental energies has landed him.

Paul Le Jeune, one of the first Jesuit missionaries who undertook the conversion of the Montagnais Indians in the seventeenth century, gives a curious account, which is quoted by Mr. Hind, of the outlines of their theory of a future state. Probably the creed has been handed down, without much essential variation, to those who are out of the reach of any influence of the Roman Catholic missions at the present day. They believe in a spiritual life after death, not for human beings only, but for every material thing which has existed upon earth, whether of divine or human creation. The soul of every existing object is connected with its shadow, and all the shadows of material existences find their way, when detached from life on this earth, to the happy region near the setting sun. On his journey to this new home the soul or shadow of the Indian hunter marches during the night on the shadows of snow-shoes, and kills for sustenance the souls or shadows of the game he has hunted in life with the shadows of his earthly weapons. The Jesuit father attempted to involve the Indian doctors who were expounding their creed in a metaphysical puzzle, by inquiring what became of the shadow-souls of the game thus killed in the shadow land. He was met with a very sufficiently satisfactory reply:—"Be still. You are talking about things which you do not

* *Explorations in Labrador.* By Henry Youle Hind, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: Longman & Co.

understand. If I had been in that country, I would have answered you."

Nineteen-twentieths of the Labrador Indians at the present day are, according to Mr. Hind, Roman Catholics; but it is plain that their religious ideas are generally superficial, and that no teaching they have received has given them any impulse to elevate their own social and moral state by the acquisition of knowledge or by settled industry. Experiments to instruct them in any useful art have failed, not so much from any incapacity to learn as from their innate predilections for a nomad life. The possibility of making an Indian tribe settle down to a domestic life appears to depend very greatly on the physical configuration of the hunting-grounds over which the particular tribe has been used to roam. If they have been accustomed to rich uplands or fertile valleys, they are found susceptible of a degree of civilization involving the restraints of a localized dwelling-place. In Maine and Michigan, and the southern side of the St. Lawrence, various tribes have survived the change of habit. But where, as in the case of the Montagnais of Labrador, the ancestral range has been over bleak and sterile mountains in the severest of climates, the transition has been hitherto found too violent to be feasible. In all but his love for the spiritual medicine of the *robe noire*, his instinct prompts the Montagnais to be "as his fathers were; neither better nor worse, but as his fathers." Unfortunately the game which was plentiful is now scarce, and the fish of the rivers, which was free to his fathers, is locked up from him by the legal rights of fishing companies and other lessees. And, in seal-fishing on the Atlantic coast of the peninsula, he is met by a savage and hardy competitor in the Esquimaux. Even the resource of killing the fur-coated animals is failing him; and the scarcity of furs involves the abandonment of the outposts which the Hudson's Bay Company had established in the interior. One of the main causes of the extinction of game is the devastation of huge forest tracts by fire. Since the flint and steel, and even lucifer matches, replaced the old bow and drill in use among the Indians, the increased facility of lighting a fire has probably increased the risks of a spreading conflagration almost proportionally. The dry moss of the Labrador forest propagates the flame almost as swiftly as the grass of the prairies; and the result is a much more total and hopeless devastation. Mr. Hind was himself during this expedition an interested witness of a conflagration which arose from his own camp-fire during the crossing of a portage, and nearly cost him his canoes. He quotes another fire of not many years since which burned for nearly a month over a whole mountain, and made a desert of some hundreds of square miles. Lamentable as these conflagrations are, they are grateful to the eye of the lover of the picturesque, as spectacles of unexampled sublimity. For a gorgeous pyrotechnic effect upon a stupendous scale, Mr. Hind considers the spruce and birch forests of Labrador far superior to the heavier forests of more temperate latitudes. Yet, even when the spectator is on the right side of the fire, his admiration must be strongly tempered with disgust at the carelessness of a single Indian or white man which can lay waste a vast area for a century.

We quote from Mr. Hind an appeal to the Canadian Government made by the Montagnais of the Moisie River two years ago. However insoluble the problem may be, and however fully the laws of expediency may answer the complaints of the petition, it is difficult to read without pity the helpless appeal of a doomed race:—

Can our words meet your views, we Indians? Can our words enter into your hearts, you that govern, we who live here, we who are born here, and consider ourselves possessors of the soil, by the will of the Great Creator of the Universe? Our lands and country now ruined, we can no more find our living; our rivers taken from us, and only used by strangers. Through your will, we can only now look on the waters of the rivers passing, without permission to catch a fish, we poor Indians. And now what are your intentions towards us? You have, no doubt, all the means to live, though not we; would you consider our poverty, and take compassion upon us? We pray you to send us some help; our poverty does not arise from laziness and want of energy, but from being unable any more to procure for ourselves and families food; and we are all of one mind, that since our lands and rivers afford us no more the means to live, you who govern should take our present distress into your consideration without loss of time, and for which we will most gratefully ever pray.

(Signed) DOMINIQUE, Chief; BARTHOLEMY; JEROME.
Moisie, June 30, 1861.

BERTRAND DUGUESCLIN.*

THE last thing to be expected from the Confederate States of America at this moment was a learned work on a portion of mediæval history; and the last place in the Confederate States where we should have expected men to be thinking of Froissart and chivalry, or of anything but the odds between blockade-runners and Yankee cruisers, or between iron-clads and rifled cannon, is Charleston, South Carolina. In quiet and literary Boston, where philosophic professors and eloquent preachers contemplate the course of war only at a safe distance, it is not difficult to understand an author's still following his favourite pursuits, and even taking refuge in the history of the past from the impressions of the present. But in the South we should have supposed that men had other things to attend to; and in Charleston, of all towns of the South, from the first the doomed mark of Northern vengeance, it might have been thought that there could be little inclination or leisure for study and composition. But here we have a book, with a preface dated Charleston, February 14th, 1863, and entered, with all formalities, "according to the Act of

Congress of the Confederate States of America," by the publisher, in the District Court of South Carolina. The work, we are told by the author, was begun before the war, but re-written, revised, and finished during its progress. The writer is a man in public employment, who apologizes, on the score of his public engagements, for not having added a general introduction on the state of Europe in the fourteenth century. The book has run the blockade, and the author's preface, instead of committing his labours to an indulgent public, expresses with some feeling, and also some quaintness, the anxiety with which he exposes his manuscript to the dangers of the seas, and the chances of capture by "an ever-vigilant enemy blockading the harbour." Printing and publishing, at any rate, seem difficult at Charleston, and he entrusts his labours "to the bosom of the Atlantic," in the hope, as he says, with an odd literal application of the text, "of realizing what Solomon declares as the result of acts of beneficence done at a venture—'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.'" We may hope that, in spite of the blockade, Mr. Jamison may be rejoiced by the sight of his book returned to him with all the elegances and quaint ornamentation of modern English printing.

Mr. Jamison abstains in his work from all allusions to the struggle in which his friends are engaged. In reading it, we are, in everything but style, where we are painfully reminded of the prose of the present day, confined to the century of Froissart. But though the work was planned before the war broke out, it is probable that Mr. Jamison's interest in his subject was a good deal quickened by the parallel which must have presented itself to his mind between the French wars of the fourteenth century and the contest going on in America. Then, as now, the Northern Power was fighting for empire, the Southern for independence. It was a war, too, in which the classes who carried it on were hardly more separated from one another, in language, origin, and social organization, than the two divisions of the old American Union are now. The insular and the continental chivalry which met at Crecy and Poitiers felt themselves to belong to one great body, which, in spite of national differences, was united by characteristic feelings, usages, and interests, creating a strong community and likeness among them, whichever side they took, as compared with all the rest of the world. The war came, indeed, to be a national war of the most sharp and dividing kind; but it began in what was almost a civil war between two great divisions of French feudalism—a civil war in much the same sense as a civil war is now going on between the two great divisions of the American people. Then, too, as now, the side which fought for independence had to endure the greatest trials and sufferings, and to vindicate its national life against great odds and through the most disastrous reverses. And the interest which naturally gathers round a popular hero and champion of independence like Duguesclin could not fail to be increased for a biographer living and writing in the midst of a society for whom men like Stonewall Jackson were fighting.

Mr. Jamison, very naturally, sympathizes strongly with the French side of the quarrel. The object of his book is to restore Duguesclin's reputation, which, he alleges, is almost unknown to the modern English, and has become little more than a myth to the French. Duguesclin, Mr. Jamison thinks, was an unusually noble example of soldierlike and patriotic excellence. It was his "prudence, firmness, and military skill" which drove out the English; to his great qualities of mind and heart he added "generosity, good faith, and loyalty." His times were bad and disastrous; the men round him, though chivalrous and brave, were cruel, greedy, selfish, faithless; but Duguesclin, according to Mr. Jamison, was a great and good soldier, above the vices of his age, and he deserves to have his story told afresh and very fully. Mr. Jamison has been a laborious as well as a zealous biographer, but the memory of Duguesclin is not, we think, likely to gain much by his efforts. To begin with, Mr. Jamison is a very bad and unskilful writer. We must do him the justice to say that he has avoided a very natural temptation that lay in his path, and that he makes not the smallest pretence to anything like fine writing. But his style is an odd compound of the flattest, poorest, most matter-of-fact language, weak and loose in texture, and full of unmeaning amplifications and well-worn conventional antitheses—language of the feeblest and most prosaic modern type, with long fragments from Froissart and the metrical chroniclers introduced bodily as part of the context, with which, in spite of a good deal of their rough vigour being taken out of them in Mr. Jamison's paraphrase, they appear in most grotesque incongruity. In the next place, Mr. Jamison, industrious and conscientious as he has been, never seems to have given a thought to the value of his authorities. His own expression about Duguesclin having become almost a myth to the French might have suggested to him caution on the subject. But he accepts with the most undoubting gravity, as conclusive proofs of the deeds and virtues of his hero, the poetical legends in which his history was turned into a romance to gratify national pride and rouse national spirit. "The life of this famous chief of military companies," says Michelet, "who delivered France from the military companies and the English, has been sung—that is, spoilt and obscured—in a kind of epic cycle of chivalry, composed probably to reanimate the warlike temper of the nobility;" and he adds that the prose histories of Duguesclin are merely translations of these legends, and that it is not easy to disentangle from this poetry the really historical element. But Mr. Jamison has not shared the Frenchman's critical hesitation, and he quotes from Couveller and the *Chronique Anonyme* without suspicion or misgiving, not merely to describe the peculiarities of Duguesclin's personal

* *The Life and Times of Bertrand Duguesclin*. By D. F. Jamison, of South Carolina. 2 vols. London: Trübner. Charleston: Russell. 1864.

appearance or to relate the stories of his boyhood, but to prove his superiority in valour, conduct, or virtue to his rivals or companions. Further, Mr. Jamison seems quite incapable of comprehending and following the life and play and variety of character—much less the quaintness and humour, the strange mixtures of opposite elements, the inexpressibly odd combinations of childishness and greatness, of the savage and the gentleman—which were found in the times of which he writes. He is a man who has obviously read Froissart through without relaxing a muscle of his face. He takes for granted epithets as well as facts, and construes the epithets of the fourteenth century by the ideas of respectable and proper society in the nineteenth. He knows what a gallant and patriotic soldier, fighting his way from a humble station through the ranks of the army till he came to be commander-in-chief of the national forces in a great war of independence, would wish to look like now; how, to complete the character, he would need to have great talents for command and war, and also to be modest, disinterested, generous, and scrupulously upright; and how it would add to the interest of his story if with it could be interwoven the particulars of a romantic attachment on his part to a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and of its fortunate issue. Having settled this notion in his mind, Mr. Jamison applies it to the champion and deliverer of France, and really gives himself very little trouble to show that it fitted him.

Michelet, who certainly is not wanting in national feeling, has brought down Duguesclin from the pedestal on which the ordinary French tradition—represented, for instance, in the article of the *Biographie Universelle*—has placed him, and on which Mr. Jamison would keep him. Duguesclin was the partisan chief, the ordinary soldier of fortune, of the time. He was as greedy, as merciless, as slippery as all but the worst of his class; and exactly what he did want was the higher military skill possessed by such men as Sir John Chandos, and even Sir Robert Knollys, whom Mr. Jamison calls, not altogether unjustly, a "rude freebooter." Pugnacious as he was, he had the caution and craft of a guerilla, and, like a guerilla chief, disliked and mistrusted battles on a large scale. His experience of them was not fortunate; his presence at Auray and at Navarrete only resulted in his being taken prisoner on both occasions. But he had two qualities which were of importance. In his own line of warfare—as a chief of the free military bands, and as a leader in detached enterprises—he was probably the most skilful and popular man of his time. And, in the next place, he was thoroughly faithful to his side, and, unlike many of his military companions, who cared for the war chiefly for its own sake, he had a genuine and hearty hatred of the English. Michelet remarks that the expression "bon Français" dates from this time. Duguesclin caught in earnest the spirit of the struggle, and was eminently a "bon Français," at least as long as he was not called upon to give up being a good Breton. His influence and reputation among the Free Companies enabled him to do great service to France by drawing them together and leading them across the Pyrenees, where for a time they found employment, and where Duguesclin amassed great wealth in accomplishing what some French writers, in their grand way, call the liberation of Spain. When Charles the Wise renewed the war in France, Duguesclin was well chosen to conduct the harassing warfare with which alone the French as yet dared to encounter their exhausted but dangerous adversaries. He did his work well. Both he and his patient and longheaded master understood the importance of not risking a repetition of Crecy and Poitiers. No single enterprise of any moment has illustrated Duguesclin's name. When the English forces were collected, he never thought of trying his strength against them. But he was the soul of a widely-extended system of detached attacks against their posts, in which he seldom missed his advantage, and by which they were forced, step by step, to loose their hold on one province after another. No better instrument of such a policy could have been chosen than Duguesclin, the staunchest of French partisans, and as shy of pitched battles as he delighted in surprises and adventures. But it is to Charles that the principal credit is due of planning and carrying out the expulsion of the English; and, as Michelet remarks, what served him better even than Duguesclin were the faults of the English policy in France and the absence of the great English leaders.

In Mr. Jamison's accumulation of extracts and details there is very little attempt to put what he relates into an intelligible form; and in his determination to make out Duguesclin a consummate general and a perfect gentleman, he shuts his eyes to what is most characteristic of him. There is a queer simplicity in his apparent blindness to the real nature of some of his hero's proceedings. He says that it was very advantageous to France when Duguesclin led the Free Companies into Spain; but it does not seem to strike him as anything strange that, before Duguesclin led them into Spain, he did a stroke of private business by the way, in ravaging, without the smallest provocation, the Pope's territory at Avignon, and extorting from him, by threats of still greater mischief, a huge sum of money, under the utterly false pretext that Duguesclin—who was going to stir up a civil war among the Christians of Castile—was leading his freebooters against the Saracens of Grenada. It further illustrates the character of the transaction that Duguesclin laid great stress on the fact that he was making his companions "honest against their will, by leading them where they might pillage without committing sin;" and he insisted that the Pope, whom he and they were engaged in robbing, should with the money grant them all full absolution.

When Duguesclin betrayed and sold Don Pedro to his brother, Mr. Jamison, on *à priori* grounds, tells us that "Duguesclin gravely doubted of the propriety of this step; but his virtue seemed incapable of resisting the manners of the time and the wishes of a king whom he was anxious to oblige;" and we are further informed that "he probably felt himself justified in keeping no covenants with a prince whom he regarded as a monster of impiety, lust, and cruelty, and that no faith ought to be observed with one who had attempted to seduce him from his allegiance to his natural sovereign." It is not certain that Duguesclin felt that any such justification was necessary; but as it appears on the whole to satisfy Mr. Jamison, we cannot be surprised at his passing over without remark various instances of the great Constable's bad faith and cruelty in the English wars. Nor ought we to wonder that he takes Duguesclin's part in his quarrel with his impertinent English creditor who was besieged in Montcontour, and who, when he could not get his money from Duguesclin, hung out his shield reversed on the castle gate—a most indefensible proceeding, "for, as the constable justly contended, if the money was not paid, the claimant had a remedy against his property;" and accordingly, with very proper spirit, when the castle was taken, he hung the insolent creditor. In his absurd misapprehension of his whole subject, Mr. Jamison is not satisfied without making out Duguesclin as extravagant as a knight in *Amadis of Gaul* or the *Seven Champions of Christendom*. Froissart gives a very clear and intelligible account of Duguesclin's first success, after he had been made Constable, against the English forces in Normandy, at Pontvalain. Their detachments were concentrating against him from various points, and before they could form a junction he broke in upon one of them with superior numbers and destroyed it. But Froissart's military view is not enough for Mr. Jamison. He prefers the poetical accounts. He represents Duguesclin "respectfully but firmly" remonstrating with the King of France about his cautious policy. Then he describes him dashing off in a dark night to surprise the English, and seems to think it a great proof of his valour that he did not care who followed him. "Having given the order for the march, the Constable did not wait to see it executed;" "the other leaders set out as soon as they could get their men ready, but they could only follow their impetuous commander at ever-increasing distances;" and we are expected to admire Duguesclin as a brilliant warrior for coming on the enemy, "after a night march of twenty leagues," with his horses broken down, the greater part of his own detachment left behind or gone astray in the darkness, the rest worn out with fatigue and hunger, and his supports at an unknown distance behind. War was no doubt carried on in strange fashions in those days, but it was not quite so ridiculous as Mr. Jamison makes it. Duguesclin knew his business better than that. He was not exactly the model soldier of a war of independence, but Mr. Jamison does him injustice by turning him into a Don Quixote.

FROUDE'S REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

(Concluding Notice.)

MR. FROUDE'S successive volumes have been so constantly looked at both by friends and enemies in their most general bearings, they have provoked so much controversy of the very widest kind, that they have been less generally subjected than they otherwise might have been to the sort of criticism which befalls books which do not call for this higher style of examination. Mr. Froude has, indeed, been subjected to a very minute criticism as to the particular facts of his particular history; he has been called in question as to his morality, his law, his theology, and his political economy; but we do not remember to have seen any critic sit down to examine him with regard to those small details which, after all, test a man's historical scholarship fully as much as greater matters. Some of our readers may perhaps have been surprised when we spoke of blunders in detail, mistakes in geography, ignorance of ecclesiastical matters, apparent incapacity to read and understand the documents before him, as among those defects of Mr. Froude's history which are considerably diminished, though by no means wholly removed, in the volumes now before us. These are accusations which ought never to be brought without proof and we therefore think it our duty to bring forward some examples of what we mean. A very few will be enough.

Before Philip married Mary, his father the Emperor, that he might be of equal rank with his bride, surrendered to him the Kingdom of Naples. Mary therefore married a King, and not a mere Prince. A writer quoted by Mr. Froude (vi. 234) therefore speaks of him, with perfect accuracy, as "His Majesty" before the marriage. Mr. Froude copies down the words without remark. After his marriage and before the abdication of his father, Philip's style in treaties is "Rex Angliæ et Neapolis." He is thus described in Charles' act of cession of the sovereignty of the Low Countries. Yet Mr. Froude, who, in his zeal after new documentary sources, should not have quite forgotten the old, calls him at this time "the heir of the throne of Spain, of Naples, the Indies, and the Low Countries" (vi. 361).

Mr. Froude calls James the Fourth of Scotland "James, the fourth of the Stuart Kings" (iv. 5). He might as well have called Henry "the eighth of the Tudor Kings."

"The Princes of Spain and Burgundy had stood side by side with England for centuries" (iv. 108). The connexion between

England and Burgundy began in the century before that of which Mr. Froude is writing.

In the same volume, p. 375, Mr. Froude talks of a French "attack on *Guienne*," evidently meaning *Guines*. It is hardly possible that this can be a misprint.

"Henry VIII. was one of the first men to *foresee* and value the power of artillery" (ii. 300). Mahomet the Conqueror, to name nobody else, had had some experience of its value nearly a hundred years before. That Henry made improvements in artillery is perfectly true, but that is quite another matter.

Mr. Froude (v. 142) makes the "first imperfect draught of the Book of Common Prayer of the present [sic] Church of England" be ready to be approved by Parliament in November 1548. Our first impression on reading was that he had confounded the first complete Prayer Book of 1548-9 with the form of administration of the Communion, its first instalment, put forth in March 1548. Of this he makes no mention in its proper place, but he mentions it some way further on (p. 144) as "a service which had been put out." The final introduction of the complete First Prayer Book in January 1548-9 is thus spoken of:—

The first communion-service was retained with scarcely an alteration; and the mystery of the eucharist remained untouched; * * * prayers for the dead were retained in the burial service and in the prayer for the church militant.

"The first communion-service" can here mean only the provisional service of March. Now that was simply an English form of administration in both kinds introduced into the Latin mass. It is strange, then, to say that the Book of 1548-9 retained it with scarcely an alteration. But the oddest thing is the notion of prayers for the dead retained in "the prayer for the church militant." Mr. Froude actually did not know that in the Book of 1548-9 the prayer, which then included a prayer for the dead, was headed "for the whole state of Christ's Church," and that the words "militant here on earth" were added in 1552, when the prayers for the dead were left out. One is tempted to believe that Mr. Froude had never looked at the books. No less mysterious is a process which, in p. 105, is called "the suppression of the *chanting*." Yet in the First Prayer Book, as now, there is much about "singing" as well as "saying." We can only guess that Mr. Froude somehow fancied that the suppression of the *chantries* carried with it the suppression of *chanting* on all occasions.

We have mentioned Mr. Froude's constant want of local and antiquarian precision—the exact opposite of Lord Macaulay's invariable accuracy in such matters. The unknown Bishopric of "Lexovia"—unknown to no one who has studied the history either of Julius Cæsar or of Henry the Second—was a notable case. So, in England, Mr. Froude finds it impossible to distinguish between such well-known cities as Worcester and Gloucester. Now had Lord Macaulay undertaken to write the life and martyrdom of Hooper, he would have got up every detail connected with those two cities; he would have been ready with a vivid picture of their past and present state; he would have diligently mastered their ecclesiastical foundations and, if need were, their municipal constitutions. Gloucester Abbey, lately changed into a Cathedral Church, with all the innovations consequent on the change of foundation and religion, would have supplied an opportunity for a bit of really eloquent description which would not have needed a single metaphor to make it attractive. Mr. Froude slurs over everything of the kind. In all local matters he always seems simply to copy the document before him, without any attempt to realise its full meaning, still less any attempt to illustrate it by further information. Hooper, by one of the scandalous jobs of Edward the Sixth's reign, held the sees of Worcester and Gloucester together, but, we may be quite sure, without being allowed to retain the full revenues of both. He was consecrated to Gloucester, and afterwards, on the deprivation of Heath, took the charge of Worcester as well. Mr. Froude (v. 355) says that "the see of Gloucester, which Henry had founded, was suppressed and the estates surrendered." But some way on, in p. 461, we read of "the suppressed bishopric of Worcester," while in vi. 78 Hooper appears in possession of both bishoprics, being deprived of Worcester and of Gloucester by two different processes. Presently (vi. 322) he goes to Gloucester to be burned:—

The scene of the execution was an open space opposite the college, near a large elm-tree, where Hooper had been accustomed to preach. . . . A company of priests were in a room over the college gates, looking out with pity or satisfaction, as God or the devil was in their hearts.

Mr. Froude clearly copies some contemporary account, without the faintest attempt to give a picture of the place. Doubtless to look into people's hearts and to speculate about God and the devil was more exciting work than to realize for himself and to explain to others the local meaning of the word "college." The word at Gloucester and in some other places—Helstonleigh among them, as Mrs. Wood's readers know—means sometimes the buildings attached to the Cathedral, and sometimes the Cathedral itself. The burning took place in what elsewhere would be called the Close or the Precinct or the Minster Yard. This is just what Lord Macaulay would have thought of, but what Mr. Froude does not. So, two pages before, the Bishop is found in the custody of "the Sheriff" and then of the "Sheriffs." Is it the Sheriff of the county or the city? Had Gloucester one Sheriff, like Oxford, or two, like London and Bristol? Lord Macaulay would have found out; Mr. Froude never thought about it.

Mr. Froude, in dealing with ecclesiastical titles, offices, cere-

monies, is always vague, often inaccurate. Here is another specimen:—

Wolsey himself, the church reformer (so little did he really know what a reformation meant), was at once Archbishop of York, Bishop of Winchester, of Bath, of Durham, and Abbot of St. Albans (i. 88).

The blunder is easily corrected by turning to Godwin, Stubbs, or any other book of reference. Mr. Froude treats Wolsey's Bishoprics in the opposite way to that in which "Egyptologists" are said to deal with Egyptian dynasties. Wolsey with his Archbishopric regularly held one Bishopric—not three—in commendam. Mr. Froude turns these successive preferments into contemporary ones. As Godwin says:—

The Bishopric of Tournay in France (which city the king had lately taken) falling void, he was elected thereunto. Within less than one yeere after, fell first Lincolne (whereunto he was preferred the yeere 1514) and then immediately after Yorke; which also was presently bestowed upon him. . . . Then as though the Archbishopricke of Yorke and Chancery of England were not sufficient for maintenance of a Cardinall, he tooke also unto him the Bishopricke of Bathe the yeere 1518, holding it and the abbey of St. Albons with divers other ecclesiasticall livings in Commendam. Fower yeeres, and seven monethes, he held Bathe and then resigned it to take Durham. Durham also he lastly gave over the yeere 1529 in exchange for Winchester.

These are the sort of things of which we complain when we charge Mr. Froude with want of accuracy. They are just the sort of things which superficial writers care nothing about, just the sort of things which superficial readers think it hypocritical to complain of; but they are just the sort of things by which scholars judge whether a book is to be trusted or not. To do Mr. Froude justice, blunders of this kind are less thick on the ground in these volumes than in the earlier ones; still there are far too many even now. Let us try him in a few more ecclesiastical matters. It is of course mere nonsense to say that, because Archbishop Hamilton was an adulterer, therefore "the mass was no longer a mode of Christian worship, but a Paphian idolatry . . . too nearly resembling the abominations of the Amorites or the accursed rites of Thammuz." We are on the debateable ground between nonsense and blundering when we read (vii. 154) that "the revenues of the vacant bishoprics had been appropriated, the Protestant nominated to the sees being left to *whine in expectation*." The pleasure of talking about a Bishop whining made Mr. Froude overlook the difference between the partial, though extensive, plunder of the Bishops which went on under Elizabeth, and the complete confiscation which his words imply. Again, Mr. Froude may hold to any theology he pleases and we shall not disturb him, but it is an absurd defiance of law and history to call (vii. 479) the first Convocation which met under Elizabeth "the first convocation of the English Church." Mr. Froude might as well call the contemporary secular assembly the first Parliament, Parker the first Archbishop, or Elizabeth the first Queen. In this Convocation Dean Nowell preached an abominable sermon, calling for the blood of the deprived Bishops. Mr. Froude adds, "It is mournful to remember that Nowell was the author of the English Church Catechism in its present form." Now no ecclesiastical scholar will remember anything of the kind. Dean Nowell's Catechism was something quite different from the familiar document which Mr. Froude doubtless means by "the English Church Catechism," and that Church Catechism did not receive "its present form" till the time of James I. The following passage is as remarkable for its blunders as for the tone of affected concern with which it begins:—

The friends of the Church of England must acknowledge with sorrow that within two years of its establishment the prelates were alienating the estates in which they possessed but a life-interest—granting long leases and taking fines for their own advantage. The Council had to inflict upon them the disgrace of a rebuke for neglecting the duties of common probity.

The marriage of the clergy was a point on which the people were peculiarly sensitive. Though tolerated it was generally disapproved, and disapproved especially in members of cathedrals and collegiate bodies who occupied the houses and retained the form of the religious orders. While therefore canons and prebends were entitled to take wives if they could not do without them, they would have done better if they had taken chary advantage of their liberty. To the Anglo-Catholic as well as the Romanist a married priest was a scandal, and a married cathedral dignitary an abomination.

"For the avoiding of such offences as were daily conceived by the presence of families, of wives and children within colleges, contrary to the ancient and comely order of the same," Elizabeth in 1560 forbade deans and canons to have their wives residing with them within the cathedral closes under pain of forfeiting "their promotions." Cathedrals and colleges, she said, had been founded "to keep societies of learned men professing study and prayer"; and the rooms intended for students were not to be sacrificed to women and children.

The Church dignitaries treated the Queen's injunction as the country gentlemen treated the statutes. Deans and canons, by the rules of their foundations, were directed to dine and keep hospitality in their common hall. Those among them who had married broke up into their separate houses, where in spite of Elizabeth they maintained their families.

Now a strictly accurate man will begin to be suspicious on so slight a point as the *s* at the end of the word "cathedrals" in the second paragraph. It is one of the straws that show how the wind blows. Half the world does not know that "cathedral" is an adjective. Printers, in their zeal to set you right, will stick in Mr. Froude's *s* if you copy the common legal form of "Cathedral and Collegiate Churches." And the matter of Mr. Froude's statement is such as might have been expected from this small index. Though Mr. Froude has written the reign of Henry the Eighth, it is clear that he has no notion of the difference between the Cathedrals of the Old and the New Foundation. He fancies that Deans and Canons universally "occupied the houses of the religious orders;" he

must himself explain what he means by "retaining their form." He evidently believes that the caputular clergy never lived in separate houses till marriage was allowed to them. This is much on a par with his notion (viii. 93) that our parish churches were "built by men who themselves lived in clay hovels." By way of heaping blunder upon blunder, Mr. Froude adds a note:—

The frequent surnames of Clark, Parsons, Deacon, Archdeacon, Dean, Prior, Abbot, Bishop, Frere, and Monk, are memorials of the stigma affixed by English prejudice on the children of the first married representatives of the sacred orders.

Did Mr. Froude ever hear of Archbishop Dean of Canterbury and Bishop Clerk of Wells, both of whom were dead before clerical marriages began? Does he think that the surname of Sir Thomas Pope represents any "English prejudice" against the misdemeanours of Sixtus the Fourth and Innocent the Eighth? It would be as well for rhetorical historians to learn that, though a good antiquary may be a very poor historian, yet a good historian must of necessity be a good antiquary.

Mr. Froude's ill-luck in French geography, especially French episcopal geography, has not forsaken him in the present volumes. In vii. 320 the see of Beauvais is raised to metropolitan rank. In viii. 68, we have a "Bishop of Constance," evidently meaning *Contances*. No doubt the Latin is *Constantia*, and it is not unlikely that Mr. Froude may have found *Constance* in some English document; but as the name *Constance* would certainly suggest to the reader not Norman *Contances* but Swabian *Conzanz*, an accurate writer would have guarded against the confusion. So, if Mr. Froude be correct in quoting the words "Sens in Normandy" (vii. 395) from a letter of Throgmorton's, it would not have been amiss to correct Throgmorton's bad geography. Again, *Havre* is in the English documents constantly called *Newhaven*. It is hardly possible that Mr. Froude does not himself know that the two names mean the same place, but it would have been as well to note the fact for the benefit of unlearned readers.

All these things show, as it seems to us, a careless and unintelligent use of documents. Nothing tries a writer more than having to judge what forms and expressions should be retained, what translated into modern language, and what explained in the notes. No accurate man would call *Contances* "Constance" in his own text, or omit to explain in a note that *Newhaven* meant *Havre*. So, in speaking of an Austrian Archduke, we might allow liberty of conscience between the forms *Karl* and *Charles*, but why should he be called "Carlos?" Simply because Mr. Froude was writing from a Spanish document, and did not stop to think. On the other hand, Mr. Froude does not scruple to crowd the translations of his documents with the most offensive modernisms of thought and expression. Can we believe that Quadra (vii. 171) talked about a "European calamity" and the Church "revolutionizing the world"? Can we trust an extract (vii. 315) from a letter of Cecil to Calvin, talking of "the liberal noblemen" in France. Mr. Froude, from his use of similar expressions elsewhere, probably intends the word to bear its modern political sense. But in what tongue did Cecil write, and what is the context? The "liberal noblemen" suggest another odd misapprehension of a political term. In Charles the Second's time, the *Liberals*, or whatever we are to call them, called themselves the "Country party," that is, the patriotic party, those who were for the Country against the Court. During the Corn-law controversy, some foolish Protectionists revived the word, but, utterly mistaking its meaning, used it to express the party of the country as against the towns. Will it be believed that Mr. Froude transfers the word to the days of Elizabeth in the sense in which it was used by Messrs. Frail, Fokett, and Flewker! "The Conservative weight of the country party would have far outbalanced the Puritanism of the large towns," viii. 272.

We confess that, in reading Mr. Froude's translations or analyses of manuscript documents which are not quoted in the original, we are always pursued by a vague feeling of doubt. We know by experience that he cannot always either understand French or read English. We cannot help mentioning two ludicrous instances in the earlier volumes. In vol. iii. p. 238, we find in the margin the pretty entry "School-maidens reading the English primer at Langham." In the text we read, from a manuscript:—

Upon Ascension day last past did two maidens sit in their pew or school in the church, as all honest and virtuous persons use to do in matins time, saying their matins together upon the English primer.

Does any man fail to see that *school* is Mr. Froude's misreading for *stool*, and that the pretty notion of "school-maidens" is all a delusion? After this we doubt about "their village potentate," to whom Mr. Froude gives the unaccountable name of "Vigourous." The other instance is more elaborate. In vol. v. p. 454, we read:—

The French were confident in themselves, in their fortunes, in the special gifts by which they held the stars.

What idea Mr. Froude may attach to the words "held the stars" it would be vain to guess. But two notes follow which explain the matter. The first is enough for our purpose:—

The Cardinal of Lorraine showed Sir William Pickering "the precious ointment of St. Ampull, wherewith the King of France was sacred, which he said was sent from Heaven above a thousand years ago, and since by miracle preserved; through whose virtue also the King held *les estoilles*."

The other note speaks of the power of the Kings of England "de guérir le mal caduc." Now it would have been as well if the Cardinal of Lorraine or Sir William Pickering or Mr. Froude had explained that "St. Ampull" was a bottle and not a

man. But this is a light matter. The gist of the thing lies in the words "held *les estoilles*." Mr. Froude evidently took *estoilles* for *étoiles* (*estoiles*), stars. But putting the whole thing together, there can be no doubt that the word written, or meant to be written, was *écrouelles* or *escrouelles*, meaning the King's Evil. For "held *les estoilles*," we should undoubtedly read "healed *les escrouelles*." The interchange of *t* and *c* in the two cases exactly balances, but it is a greater exploit to turn a noxious disease into a star than to send two maidens to school without authority.

Mr. Froude's occasional references to matters earlier than Henry the Eighth are, as usual, rather unlucky. He tells us sententiously:—

In barbarous and half-barbarous tribes there is generally some choice exercised among the members of the chief's family, or some rule is followed, by which the elder and stronger are preferred to the young and weak. In our own Heptarchy the uncle, if able and brave, was preferred to the child of an elder brother.

Why on earth should a custom which remained in full force at least till the reign of John, and of which traces may be discerned as late as the time of Richard the Third, be confined to "the Heptarchy?" The following is almost a worse blunder:—

England would not be meddled with till Scotland was first conquered—and how effectually Scotland could resist invasion had been proved by the experience of Edward the First. Edward struggled for thirty-four years, and failed at last.

Mr. Froude, then, believes that Edward the First's Scottish wars took up the whole of his reign, instead of merely a comparatively small portion towards the end. This is the more unpardonable, as this vulgar error is exactly parallel to the vulgar error which he has himself exposed with regard to his own hero. People in general fancy that the whole reign of Edward was spent in warring with Scots, and that the whole reign of Henry was spent in beheading wives and pulling down churches. Now, though Mr. Froude has failed in the attempt to justify these favourite amusements of his great model, he has successfully shown that such occupations did not take up the whole of his time. So neither did the great Edward struggle for anything like thirty-four years, nor can he be fairly said to have failed at last. The slight successes on the part of Robert Bruce which marked the last year of Edward were won while the great King was utterly disabled by his last sickness. The real failure was wholly owing to the mismanagement of his wretched son.

One extract more, the strangest of all:—

Cobham was tried for piracy the next year at the indignant requisition of Spain; he was found guilty, but he escaped punishment; and there was some insincere shuffling in connexion with his prosecution; for the Spanish ambassador was assured that a sentence had been passed upon him, the description of which might have been borrowed from the torture chamber of the Inquisition, but which assuredly was never pronounced in an English court of justice.

"Thomas Cobham," wrote De Silva, "being asked at his trial, according to the usual form in England, if he had anything to say in arrest of judgment, and answering nothing, was condemned to be taken to the Tower, to be stripped naked to the skin, and then to be placed with his shoulders resting on a sharp stone, his legs and arms extended, and on his stomach a gun, too heavy for him to bear, yet not large enough immediately to crush him. There he is to be left till he die. They will give him a few grains of corn to eat, and for drink the foulest water in the Tower." "His relations," de Silva added, "are doing all in their power to prevent the execution of the sentence." Had any such sentence been pronounced, it would not have been left to be discovered in the letter of a stranger; the ambassador may perhaps, in this instance have been purposely deceived, and his demand for justice satisfied by a fiction of imaginary horror.

The only question is whether the Spaniard has not made some confusion between refusing to plead and refusing to say anything in arrest of judgment. But is it possible that Mr. Froude has never heard of the *peine forte et dure*?

Lack of space forbids us to add some remarks which we had intended to make on some points in Mr. Froude's style. But we can well dispense with them. Metaphors are to a great degree matters of taste, while facts are not. We allow that Mr. Froude has considerably improved; still there is great room for further improvement. But if he goes on improving as much as he has done in the two present volumes, he may, before he reaches the end of the long reign of Elizabeth, come to deserve a respectable place among historians.

VINCENZO.*

MR. RUFFINI has republished from *Macmillan's Magazine* another of the stories in which he aims at depicting common life in Italy as it is at the present day. The story has little interest in itself. It contains next to no plot or incident, and very little description of character; and if the real truth must be told, it must be described as dull. Notwithstanding this, it has merits of its own. It gives, with the vividness which novels only can attain, a picture of the practical working of the Roman Catholic system in Italy, and of the means by which both the temporal and the spiritual power of the Pope are kept up in the face of the advance of knowledge and liberty. For this reason it deserves notice, and will perhaps be worth reading.

Vincenzo Candia is the son of a peasant, brought up by a landed proprietor whose father had been himself a working man, and had made a fortune in America. The landowner, who throughout the book is described as the Signor Avvocato, intends

* *Vincenzo; or, Sunken Rocks*. By John Ruffini, Author of "Lorenzo Benoni," &c. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

his *protégé* to be a priest, and for that purpose sends him to a seminary. In process of time, Vincenzo comes to the conclusion that to be a priest is not his business, and he runs away with the intention of joining the national army in 1848. In this he does not succeed, but the attempt puts an end to his career at the seminary, and he is sent to Turin to become an advocate himself. At Turin his liberalism is strengthened, he comes to be acquainted with one of the Ministry, and on his admission as an advocate receives a Government appointment. At about the same time, or soon afterwards, he contrives to marry his patron's daughter, with whom from childhood he had been secretly in love. At this point his troubles commence. Rose, his wife, is a very beautiful woman, and, according to her own standard, a very good one. She had been piously brought up, and her greatest pleasure in life was to do her best to ornament the church of the village, to attend all religious services, and to follow submissively the directions of the clergyman of the parish. She was sensible, commonplace, straightforward, and obstinate, with a great gift for all matters of domestic management and a blind confidence in her confessor. After a certain period of happiness, Vincenzo goes to his official appointment at Chambéry, and of course takes his wife with him. He soon finds himself very uncomfortable. She is constantly out of temper, and keeps reproaching him with his allegiance to a Government which takes the liberal side, and legislates in a way opposed to the pretensions of the Pope. At last, by pleading her interesting situation in a forcible manner, she persuades him to give up his appointment and to take her back to her father's house. He stays there for a time in a state of excessive discomfort, and at last plucks up heart of grace, and says he will go and practise his profession as an advocate at Turin. Rose's confessor persuades her that she would peril her soul if she went with him, and he goes without her. At this there is a terrible quarrel, but at last she and her father, by obstinate silence and neglect, work upon him to such an extent that he meekly returns to their house, where, having got him down, they naturally stamp upon him, inflicting on him every conceivable humiliation. At last the Signor Avvocato is struck down by a fatal illness, during which his son-in-law nurses him with the utmost kindness. The old man dies, and his daughter, won by her husband's kindness and alarmed by an illness caused by it, treats him much more kindly, and appears to come round to a certain extent to his way of thinking. In this state of things occurs the French entry into Italy in 1859, and Vincenzo goes with his wife to Turin to help in what is going on. She sympathises with him cordially and treats him with the utmost affection until, unluckily for him, part of the Papal States unite themselves to Piedmont, and the Pope excommunicates all persons concerned in the impious transaction. When this is put before her by her confessor, Rose tells her husband in so many words that, in the last resort, her priest is first and her husband next, and that, unless he gives up Turin and the service of the Government, she will give up him. As there is a second baby just about this time, and as the first died at its birth, Vincenzo gives way, throws up his employment, returns to his wife's apron-strings, and writes a letter to the friend who had introduced him to public life to say that, though in a great crisis he would prefer his country to his wife and child, he cannot do so in common life:—

That a man's duty to his country is absolute and exclusive of all other duties, I readily admit, but only in a few extreme and, therefore, exceptional cases. Let the country be in danger, the Austrians at the gate of the city, . . . and no citizen . . . has a choice but to fly to the rescue. But that in ordinary times and circumstances a man . . . should owe himself *quand même* to his country, . . . the assumption is evidently too excessive to be tenable. . . . I lay it down then as a rule that, setting aside a few extreme cases, whenever duty to one's country clashes with other duties, the decision as to which shall take precedence rests with the individual conscience. Now my conscience tells me that my withdrawal from office does not the least harm to the State, while my persevering in it inflicts a very serious one upon my family.

Acting upon these flabby principles, expressed in language equally flabby, Vincenzo resigns himself to the occupations of a nursemaid. He begins to educate his little daughter in liberalism, by teaching her to make nosegays representing the colours of Italy, to clap her hands at the flag of the National Guard, and to call the picture of Cavour her "great papa." This is the final result.

The author ought to know what he is writing about, and if this is a fair, or anything approaching in the slightest degree to a fair picture of the part which priests play in domestic life, it is marvellous that any nation should tolerate them, or should fail to open its eyes to the fact—which our ancestors clearly perceived some three hundred years ago, and which really is as clear as the sun at noonday—that the clergy are men like their neighbours, neither much better nor much worse; that their character is derived from the nature of their pursuits and from their education; and that they have as much claim to supernatural or magical authority as lawyers or doctors, and no more. Until this doctrine has thoroughly sunk into men's innermost hearts, as is happily the case in England, anything like freedom, or those virtues which freedom produces, is impossible. Unless every father of a family is, within his own walls, prophet, priest, and king, to his wife for their joint lives, and to his children till they grow up, he is nothing at all. This is the peculiar blessing of married life—that which alone enables it to produce those results which may constantly be traced to it in this country. A divided conjugal authority is as good as none, especially if the division allots to the husband the wife's temporal interests and to the priest her spiritual interests. There is and can be in reality no distinction between the two, and it is impossible to get a

really conscientious person, who wishes before and above all things to do right, to recognise any such distinction. Every act of our lives is at once temporal and spiritual, and in every action that which would be described as the spiritual element is, in truth, the most important one. Shall I sit in this chair or that? That is the more comfortable, but in this I am likely to keep wider awake and do my business most efficiently. Shall I vote for or against the Inner Circle Railway? There is no doubt a right and a wrong in the matter if it could be found out, and it is certainly my duty to do my best to find it out. What is to prevent my confessor from ascertaining, by such a cross-examination as he may choose to employ, whether I have done my best to find out how I ought to vote, and whether I have voted accordingly? Everything is a matter of duty if you choose to look at it in that light. No exertion of the intellect, the reason, or the imagination, is without a moral purport. Of course different minds recognize this fact in very different degrees. There is a point at which the most submissive penitent would draw the line. Probably the humblest of women would tell her confessor that she did not quite see how it was any business of his whether she sent her baby to bed an hour earlier or an hour later; and on the other hand, a man like William the Conqueror was prepared to assert, and also to stand to and make good his assertion, that the way in which he governed England was his affair and not Hildebrand's. But the difference is only one of degree and temperament. Once admit that there is any one in the world who is entitled to sit in judgment on the right or wrong of any act whatever, and to lay a conscientious obligation in respect of it on the agent, and it is impossible to exclude the possessor of such a power from any province which he chooses to occupy, except, indeed, by the exercise of that tacit scepticism which is the great protector of mankind against spiritual tyranny. In practice, every one draws a line somewhere; but if husband and wife draw it at different levels, an element of discord between them is introduced, painful and wearing in proportion to the degree in which they are conscientious and highminded. The simple inference is, that the same person ought to be husband and priest in every house. The separation of the two characters degrades each, and puts them into an attitude of irreconcilable hostility.

Mr. Ruffini writes for English readers, and perhaps this may give a certain colour to his novels, but they form a very pleasant contrast to French novels. This story is as good as possible, and gives the notion that the people to whom it relates lead a quiet virtuous life, and are full of natural affection and other simple virtues. On the other hand, it implies that they are a weak race. In the whole three volumes of *Vincenzo* there is not one thoroughly sturdy character. A fanatical priest and a crabbed old humorist show the greatest amount of vigour, but the hero is a coward in grain. If he could not guide his wife and lead her to better views, he ought in the last resort to have had the spirit to leave her, and take her child from her to be educated according to his own views. If a man really wishes to serve his country, these are the kind of sacrifices for which he ought to be prepared. Anybody can get killed in a battle, but it wants some vigour of character to quarrel with your wife and break up your home rather than give up your own plans in life. Of course every way of avoiding such results should be tried, but if the worst comes to the worst, a man who cannot in the last resort do it is a wretched cur; and a nation of such men deserves to be, and will be, priest-ridden to the end of the chapter, however much infantine patriotism may be installed into its babies.

TILLY.*

THAT sensational class of modern historians which is engaged in the now common process of whitewashing the *famosas imagines* of the least popular among our ancestors, starts with much in its favour. It makes war on popular tradition; and popular tradition is only too closely allied to popular prejudice, which never does things by halves. Thus Nero, whom, notwithstanding recent efforts on his behalf, it is impossible to acquit of the murders of his mother, wives, and step-brother, has in addition been credited with the burning of Rome, of which he was in all probability as innocent as the Christians whom he burnt as the incendiaries. Henry VIII., whom even Mr. Froude cannot prove not to have executed some of his wives, has acquired the reputation of having thus acted from the sheer fancy for cutting off the heads of his old loves before he was on with the new. At the same time, it is only in very exceptional cases that historical inquiry succeeds in proving the popular view of an historical character to be utterly false and unfounded. Such a case may possibly occur on a further consideration of the arguments of Mr. Merivale, and his predecessors and successors, in favour of the Emperor Tiberius. A similar attempt has been made by the industry of F. Förster, on behalf of Wallenstein; and many have been gained over to the side of Schiller's hero by the evidence which Förster has adduced—omitting to notice that which he has omitted. A new name has of late been added to the roll of the great Misunderstood by M. Onno Klopp, a German Catholic historian of considerable industry and ingenuity. His subject for "rehabilitation" is none other than Tilly, the destroyer of Magdeburg. The new theory, according to which the fame of Tilly is as pure and

* *Tilly im Dreissigjährigen Kriege*. Von Onno Klopp. Stuttgart: 1861.

unsullied as that of Bayard himself, has been propounded by M. Klopp, both in his own name and in that of another historian. Few students of German history are unacquainted with the works of the learned Gfrörer, the biographer both of Gregory VII. and of Gustavus Adolphus. A fourth edition of the latter work has been published during the present year, under the editorship of M. Onno Klopp, who supplies the place of the deceased historian. M. Klopp's notions of an editor's duties in some degree resemble those of which the Evangelical Alliance thought fit to suppose the late Mr. Turnbull guilty. He has corrected such errors as he "deemed undeniable, especially such as the author himself, had it been granted to him to revise his work once more, would have recognised and corrected." One of these errors of omission occurs in Gfrörer's account of the fall of Magdeburg. The latter, who is by no means partial to the Protestant cause, vaguely observes that the great conflagration which arose shortly after the capture of the city could not have originated in the burning of two or three houses ordered by Pappenheim, but must have been begun by incendiaries. M. Klopp adds to this passage a dozen lines of his own, attempting to demonstrate that it was not the besiegers, but the besieged, who were the incendiaries, and refers for further proof of his interpolation to his own *Life of Tilly*. For it is his conduct towards conquered Magdeburg which constitutes the chief *crux* for the admirers of Bavaria's only military hero. The praises of Tilly are sung by M. Klopp in two bulky volumes, swelled by a vast accumulation of original documents. We say *swung*, for M. Klopp's pen moves with a kind of rhythmical fervour not unlike that in which M. De Montalembert has narrated the legends of St. Elizabeth. His account of the death of his hero is written in the style of a martyrology:—

The shadows of death drew near. A cold hand seemed to seize the old man, his eyes were turned aside. The confessor saw it. He raised the cross and cried, "*Domine in te speravi, non confundar in aeternum.*" At these words the dying man once more lifted up his eyes, his glances sought the cross, a smile played on his features, and his soul had fled. Without, the Swede stormed, and his cannon-balls howled round the resting-place of peace. A noble soul had passed away.

The fact that posterity in general has regarded the memory of Tilly with less favourable eyes is attributed by M. Klopp, in the first place, to the lies of Gustavus Adolphus, and of his hired historiographers Spanheim and Chemnitz, who were followed blindly by English "High Church" writers like Harte, and by would-be philosophical historians like Voltaire. He further accounts for it by the prevailing belief that Tilly had a charmed life, and had sold himself to the devil; and, lastly, he inveighs against the mischievous influence of Schiller, whose principle was "to make historical personages suffer whatever he chose under his hands." With regard to the latter charge, we are ready to concede that Schiller's *History of the Thirty Years' War*, though meant honestly, was written in no critical spirit. The fault rests less with himself than with those who forced a poet into the chair of a Professor of History. In his poem of *Wallenstein* he has, of course, little occasion to mention Tilly, but has dealt him scant justice in contrasting the want of discipline in his camp with the good order reigning in that of Gustavus. Tilly, it is true, was not averse from priming his troopers with wine on the morning of a hot day's work (as at Wimpfen and at Magdeburg); but the discipline which he ordinarily maintained was highly to his credit, though it is chiefly to be accounted for by the fact that, of all the armies in the war, that of the League, commanded by him, alone enjoyed full and regular pay, from the well-stored coffers of Maximilian of Bavaria. As for the popular belief that Tilly was *fest* or *gefroren*—that is, protected from bodily harm by the aid of the Evil One—we attach little or no importance to it. The same story was current about many other leaders of the war, and above all about Wallenstein, whose popularity was certainly not diminished, if it was not rather enhanced by it.

We prefer, therefore, to restrict ourselves to a consideration of the first explanation offered—namely, that Swedish mendacity and calumny attached to Tilly's name the stigma from which M. Klopp desires to free it. The first occasion on which the Swedish historians, and those who follow them, accuse Tilly of barbarity, is his treatment of the Swedish garrison of Neubrandenburg. Its commander refused to capitulate, being without orders from his King. The place was taken, and 2,000 soldiers were put to the sword in cold blood. This act, M. Klopp avers, was quite in harmony with the military code of the Thirty Years' War, according to which the garrison of an untenable fortress had either to capitulate or to prepare itself for the worst. Wallenstein and Bernhard of Weimar are said to have acted on the same principle; and Gustavus himself on one occasion is stated to have threatened to hang the commander of a town unless he consented to betray it. The last is but a lame parallel, for a threat against one man differs from the massacre of 2,000; and with regard to the others, it must at all events be allowed that Tilly utterly outstripped his competitors in barbarously obeying a most barbarous law. The true parallel to his conduct is to be found in Sulla's wholesale destruction of the 8,000 Samnite prisoners in the Campus Martius. "Neubrandenburger Quarter" became a watchword in the mouth of the Swedes till a yet bloodier name came to be substituted in its place.

It is impossible to forbear admiring the hardihood with which M. Klopp deals with the events of the siege of Magdeburg. He is fully aware that on this question hangs the fame or infamy of his hero. Clear the reputation of Tilly from that sanguinary blot, and he remains a general neither better nor worse than his contemporaries—perhaps a better disciplinarian than most of them,

and readier to obey orders than many. Even the fate of 200 Saxon villages, which was avenged on the field of Brestenfeld, may be forgiven him as a strategic necessity. His name has been associated with that of Magdeburg by history and by popular tradition alike; and by his conduct there it must stand or fall. Accordingly, M. Klopp has taken courage, and applied the very whitest of his whitewash. The following are the concluding words of these volumes:—

Statues of stone and of bronze have been raised to the worthy and, perchance, to the unworthy also. The idea of a monument to Tilly (except in Bavaria) has scarcely ever entered the soul of a German. And yet Tilly has, if not erected, at all events, preserved to himself a monument. In Magdeburg, to our own days, there stands the glorious Cathedral built by our fathers many hundred years ago. This Cathedral, too, the Swede's plan of destruction would have included in the sea of flames surging around, had not the old man by superhuman exertions covered it with his protecting hand. The Cathedral of Magdeburg was protected by Tilly and saved from the Swede; the Cathedral of Magdeburg records Tilly's name and Tilly's honour. This is his monument of stone on German ground.

To explain the meaning of this paradox of paradoxes, it will be necessary to sum up very briefly M. Klopp's account of the siege. Magdeburg, he says, had been tempted to resistance by Gustavus Adolphus' promise of succour; this succour was purposely withheld; and the Swedish Colonel Falkenberg, sent by the king into the city on the pretence of directing its defence, was secretly commissioned to betray it. He burnt all the outworks; purposely neglected the defence of the weakest points; laid mines under the city in order to blow it up; and when Tilly by his connivance had effected his entrance, blew up the place accordingly. True, he had previously perished himself; but he had sought death "either from remorse for his enormous neglect, or to place the last seal by his death on the plan of destroying Magdeburg in the interests of the Swedish king." Of this marvellous theory it is needless to say that we do not believe a single item. It rests on the evidence of a rambling letter from an Imperial agent at Hamburg to an Imperial officer, vaguely ascribing a share in the fate of Magdeburg to the King of Sweden; and on an old Catholic pamphlet of the year 1631, entitled *Bustum Virginis Magdeburgice*, and adorned with a woodcut of Gustavus delivering the virgin Magdeburg into the hands of Tilly. On the value of these authorities it is needless to expatiate; but we must add, as an instance of M. Klopp's incredible credulity, that he thinks the former ("which cannot be assumed to have been invented") originated in the conversation of the Swedish Chancellor Oxenstierna, who was then at Hamburg, "and must have spoken in this way, perhaps, in the belief that the stratagem could not be kept secret after all." Falkenberg bravely did his duty, and died in doing it; and the mines which he laid were for the purpose of blowing up untenable outworks. One of the Bavarian generals wrote to the Elector to say that a mine had been laid under the New Work (*Werkk*), but M. Klopp insists on preferring the reading of a Hungarian historian, from the Vienna archives, which gives New Market (*Markt*). Instead of discussing this reading, we proceed to observe that the first and more important part of M. Klopp's theory, accusing Gustavus of willfully deserting Magdeburg, is sufficiently disproved by the account which he himself caused to be published immediately after its capture. He dared not risk all in an encounter with the armies of Tilly and Pappenheim, superior to his own in numbers, and far superior in efficiency, while both Brandenburg and Saxony hung back, and the very passage of the Elbe was denied to him. He believed Magdeburg would have held out longer, for since the arrival of Falkenberg the citizens had refused to contribute a single groat to the pay of the 8,000 mercenaries within their walls, four-fifths of whom had in consequence left the town. Partly on its own head, therefore, and partly on that of the Electors, was the fate of the city of Magdeburg.

It will not have escaped our readers that even this hazardous attempt at shifting the blame of the disaster to the shoulders of the Swedish King, will not avail to account for Tilly's conduct after the capture had once taken place. M. Klopp says, with truth, that it was the horrible custom of the war to allow the soldiery three hours' plundering of a city taken by storm—a custom which Gustavus Adolphus (whom we by no means believe to have been an angel of light) himself followed. The capture was completed at 10 A.M., and the plundering immediately began. At noon, the flames were spreading, and Tilly was obliged to call the soldiers out of the city. Next morning, however, they were allowed to return; and we are not told whether they were then restricted to their due of one additional hour. M. Klopp then begs his readers to place themselves "on the stand-point of these soldiers." Tilly no doubt did so; and though M. Klopp has found some pretty anecdotes of occasional clemency, he does not attempt to deny the fact that something like 30,000 souls perished, but thinks the majority of deaths attributable to the fire (lit of course by Swedish incendiaries). The Cathedral was certainly preserved by Tilly's efforts, and mass celebrated in it two days afterwards—"just a week," as M. Klopp pathetically calculates, "after the general's last paternal admonition to the citizens" to surrender. The quotation generally attributed to Tilly appears to have been spoken by the Lutheran preacher at the Cathedral, Bake, who summoned up courage to propitiate the victorious foe by remarking:—

Venit summa dies et ineluctabile fatum
Magd'burgi! Finimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens
Gloria Parthenopes!

We have now done with M. Klopp and "old Tilly," as he delights to salute his hero. "The old skeleton" as Gustavus, on the other hand, used to call him, was a good servant of his master,

and is free from the charges of personal cupidity and private ambition attaching to most other commanders of the great war. He was a man without passions of any kind, and eager only to do his duty. That that duty receives an additional sanction from the sacredness of his cause, we cannot agree with M. Klopp or with historians like Gfrörer and Barthold. His masters were Maximilian of Bavaria, as eager for his personal aggrandizement as any of the Protestant princes, and Ferdinand II., who desired Magdeburg as an appanage for one of his sons. Before we consent to make a hero of their general, we must be shown in his character some element of higher humanity. The absence of all such has condemned him to an ignominy which history not unjustly affixes to the instruments as well as to the originators of dark deeds. No remorse, we may well believe, filled the breast of Tilly as he rode over the ruins of Magdeburg, as the executioner of his Church and Emperor; and it is such remorselessness, however honest, which posterity most justly repays with its execrations.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday next (February 2nd, 4th, and 6th), FAUST (in English). Lemmens-Sherington, Tuccani, and Florence Lanciai, Sanley, Marchesi, Dusek, and Sims Reeves. Conductor, Signor Arditi. Commence at Eight. Private Boxes from One to Three Guineas; Pit Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 7s.; Upper Circle, 5s.; Pit, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. Box Office of the Theatre open daily.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE OF FAUST (in English), Monday, February 15. Lemmens-Sherington, Tuccani, and Florence Lanciai, Sanley, Marchesi, Dusek, and Sims Reeves. Conductor, Signor Arditi. Prices of Admission same as to the Evening Representations. Commence at Two o'clock.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Under the Management of Miss LOUISA FYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON.—On Monday, February 1, and during the week, Bulle's Romantic Opera, BLANCHE DE NEVERS. Miss Louisa Fyne, Miss Anna Hiles; Messrs. Weiss, H. Corri, A. Cook, J. Rouse, A. St. Albans, and W. Harrison. After which, the Grand National Fantomine, ST. GEORGE and the DRAGON. On Wednesday, February 3, last grand Morning Performance of the Fantomine at Two o'clock, to which Children under Twelve years of age will be admitted at Half-price to all parts of the house, except Pit, 1s. 6d. Box Office open from Ten till Five daily.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mozart Night on Monday next, February 1. Instrumentalists—Arabella Goddard, Violoncello, Lucius Vennart, Violin, Florence Lanciai, Flauto, and Sims Reeves, Conductor. Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—Thursday, February 4, Eight o'clock. Mendelssohn's Cantata, "O Sons of Art," for Male Voices and Brass Instruments, for the first time; also Wesley's Motet, "In exitu Israel," the Madrigals "Light of my Soul" (Pearall), "As Vesta was" (Wickens), and "The Waltons" (Saville); the Part Song, "Welcome Spring" (Lealie), "Cradle Song" (Stuart), and "The Cloud-capt Towers" (Stevens). Sofa Stalls, 6s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s.; Family Tickets for four, 2s.; Addition and Lucas, 20c Street; Austin, 25 Piccadilly; Keith, Frowse, & Co., 48 Cheapside. Season subscription, 21s. and 10s. 6d.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Owing to the success which has attended their recent Performances in the above Hall, the Proprietor begs to announce that they will appear for a limited number of Nights in the minor St. James's Hall, which has been elegantly decorated and furnished. Performances every Night at Eight. Saturday Mornings at Three.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 1c Regent Street. Proprietor, W. Burton; Secretary, H. Boufanti.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, will appear on Monday next, February 1, in an entirely novel Egyptian Entertainment, entitled THE PYRAMID, written by Royal Brooks, Esq. Every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight. Saturday Mornings at Three.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 1c Regent Street.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the Members is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall-mall East. Nine till Dusk. Admission, One Shilling. JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

BRIGHTON ELECTION.—RETIREMENT OF MR. OTWAY.—At a Meeting of the Electors of Brighton, held in the Town Hall, to receive the Report of the Committee appointed at the Meeting of January the 19th inst., it was resolved:—"That, in the opinion of this Meeting, Mr. F. K. DUMAS is the most fit and proper person to represent this Borough in the Commons House of Parliament; that we, the Electors, in public meeting assembled, do invite Mr. DUMAS to stand as our Candidate, and that such invitation be signed by the Chairman."—WILLIAM ALGER, Chairman.

NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE COMMITTEE.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the SITE and MONUMENT COMMITTEES MEET on February 5, the day after the meeting of Parliament. Artists and others, willing to submit suggestions, are invited to forward the same, addressed to the Hon. Secretaries, 130 Pall Mall, London.

January 25.

W. HEPPORTH DIXON, } Hon. Secs.
J. O. HALLIWELL, }

JUNIOR ATHENÆUM CLUB.—Noblemen, Gentlemen, Members of the Universities, Associates of the Learned Societies, and others desirous of becoming Members of a First-class Club on the basis of the existing Athenæum, are requested to communicate with G. H. WILSON, Esq., F.S.A., Secretary pro tem, Committee Room, St. James's Hall, Regent Street.

TO SCULPTORS.—The COUNCIL of the ART-UNION of LONDON request that every Sculptor intending to compete for the Premium of 2000 offered by the Society will send to the Office, on or before February 8 next, a Sealed Letter containing his Name and Address, and bearing on the Outside the Title of the Work he proposes to send in, and a Motto or Mark which must also be repeated on the Work. This is asked in order that sufficient Accommodation for the Models may be provided. Due Notice will be given by Advertisement of the Place to which the Works are to be sent on March 1 next.

411 West Strand, January 25, 1864.

GEORGE GODWIN, } Hon. Secretaries.
LEWIS POOCK, }

THE Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of SALISBURY will PREACH at All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, TO-MORROW (Sunday) Morning, January 31, in Aid of the Funds of the NORTH LONDON or UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL. Service to begin at Eleven o'clock.

A SERMON will be Preached by the Lord Bishop of SALISBURY on QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY, February 7, at St. Andrew's Church, Wells Street, St. Marylebone, for the Benefit of the MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, W.

By Order, ALEX. SHEDDEN, Secretary.

HYDE ABBEY SCHOOL, WINCHESTER.—Head-Master, the Rev. EDWARD FIRMSTONE, M.A., formerly Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, assisted by resident Graduates from the Universities of Cambridge, London, and Paris. Sons of Gentlemen are prepared for the Public Schools and Universities, also for the Army, Navy, and Civil Service. Terms, Fifty and Sixty Guineas per annum. For particulars, reference, and further information, apply to the Head-Master. The School Re-opens on Monday, February 1.

TO RUGBEANS.—ANSTEY TESTIMONIAL.—At a

Meeting of OLD PUPILS of the Rev. C. A. ANSTEY, held in Mr. J. Henry Fawcett's Chambers, No. 5 Pump Court, Temple, January the 14th, 1864, it was resolved:—

1st. That a Testimonial be presented to Mr. AnsteY on his retirement, after forty-five years' service as one of the Masters of Rugby School.

2nd. That a Committee be formed to carry out the above object, and that Mr. Fawcett be requested to act as Honorary Secretary.

3rd. That Lists for Subscriptions, of One Guinea and upwards, be opened at the following Banks, viz.:—Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Co., London; The Old Bank, Oxford; Messrs. Forsters & Co., Cambridge; and Messrs. Butlin, Rugby. Subscriptions to be paid on or before March the 31st, about which time a Meeting will be held to decide the form of the Testimonial.

4th. That the Testimonial be presented, if possible, at the Rugby Dinner, June the 23rd. The following Gentlemen have already signified their intention of acting as a Committee:—

The Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London.
The Right Hon. Lord Stanley, Knowley, Finsbury.
The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster.
The Hon. and Rev. C. J. Teislott, Ashwell Rectory, Kneilworth.
The Rev. T. L. Cloughton, late Professor of Poetry, Oxford, Kidderminster.
H. C. Wise, Esq., Trustee of Rugby School, Woodcote, Warwick.
The Rev. H. A. Pickard, Student of Christ Church, Oxford.
The Rev. F. Anson, late Student of Christ Church, Canon of Windsor and Rector of Sudbury.
The Rev. E. H. Brady, Harrow.
The Rev. A. Bramwell, Rector of Thorington, Suffolk.
The Rev. A. H. Bull, Market Drayton, Salop.
W. J. Bull, Esq., Harrow.
F. Cavenor, Esq., Windham Club, St. James's Square.
The Rev. W. H. Curtler, Lympstone, Exeter.
H. Clement, Esq., 20 Wilton Crescent.
H. Ashton-Croft, Esq., Hill Cliff, Warrington.
H. W. Eve, Esq., Wellington College.
J. Henry Fawcett, Esq., Temple.
Robinson Fowler, Esq., Temple.
The Rev. T. Y. French, Cheltenham.
H. Gardner, Esq., Lion House, Preston.
W. Gonne, Esq., Great St. Helens.
Wilson Hadwen, Esq., Dean House, Halifax.
The Rev. H. D. Harrington, late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxon, South Newington Vicarage.
A. B. Hill, Esq., 81 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.
The Rev. F. J. A. Hurt, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, St. Ippolyts, Hitchin.
F. L. Latham, Esq., Temple.
G. H. Marshall, Esq., Fatterdale Hall, Cumberland.
The Rev. H. C. Pigou, Wyke Regis, Weymouth.
The Rev. H. C. Powles, Rodmaston, Gloucester.
J. N. France, Esq., Halsebury College.
C. W. Prescott, Esq., Whitehall Place.
The Rev. H. R. Rokeby, Manor House, Arthingworth, Northampton.
The Rev. E. Royle, Breerton Rectory, Congleton.
The Rev. C. T. Royle, Spelsborough, Lonsdale.
W. Digby Smith, Esq., Liverpool.
Lewis Starkey, Esq., Goodhouse, Huddersfield.
The Rev. J. Wright, Burham House, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

Rugbeans who are desirous of joining in this Testimonial of Respect to Mr. AnsteY are requested to send their Subscriptions to any of the above-named Banks, or to the Honorary Secretary, J. Henry Fawcett, Esq., 5 Pump Court, Temple, E.C.

THE FRENCH and GERMAN COLLEGE in connexion with the Church of England, Merton, Surrey (Established 1848), conducted by Messrs. G. ELLIOTT, B.A., and G. DE CHASTELAIN, combines all the advantages of Continental Residence, together with a sound Classical or Commercial English Education. Daily Lessons given by Resident French and German Masters, and the Pupils walked on to French servants. Inclusive Terms, 50 and 60 Guineas.—Prospectuses and references on application.

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CIVIL SERVICE of INDIA.—A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION of CANDIDATES will be held by the Civil Service Commissioners in June or July next. The Competition will be open to all natural-born Subjects of Her Majesty who, on May 1 next, shall be over eighteen and under Twenty-two years of age, and of good health and character. Copies of the Regulations may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Westminster, S.W.

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I am, Gentlemen, your obedient Servant,
Name in full

Profession or Occupation

Address

Date

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